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AN APPLE BLOSSOM.

BY W. W. L.

Only an apple blossom,
You call it a common thing;
But to me it is far sweeter
Than all the roses you bring.
Your red rose fades beside it,
This apple blossom sweet,
She gave me there in the orchard,
As I lay at her fairy feet.

It holds the dream of a summer,
The fairest I ever knew—
What care I for your red rose,
There's nothing about it true.
You could not buy this blossom
With all your wealth of bloom;
Your roses, lilies and asters
Are tinged with hot-house gloom.

Only an apple blossom,
You have nothing half as sweet,
As this delicate orchard darling
She gave me there at her feet.
There's nothing in your garden
Like unto this dainty flower,
That she, my darling gave me,
When love stood still for an hour.

OUT OF THE NIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "HER MOTHER'S SIN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

"WHAT is your name, my dear?"

"Doris," said the child, with a gracious little inclination of the head, extending her hand with ease, as if she had now found suitable acquaintances.

Fair, pearly fair, her cheeks and lips mantled with the dainty bloom of the wild rose; her hair like spun gold, flowing over her molded shoulders; her eyes large, shining as stars, under dark brows and lashes, fearless, free, not a trace of rustic embarrassment; taper fingers, ears like small pink shells, true child of the nobles, set now among her peers.

"Estelle! do look at her!" cried her grace.

Estelle roused herself from contemplating the clock; she drew off her gloves, and the jewels gleamed on her hands, as she took the child's soft palm, and gently stroked her golden hair.

"You are like sunshine! Speak to me, little one."

"Will you tell me what to say?" asked Doris, promptly.

"What would you like best of anything—tell me?"

"I would like to be just like you! I want to be tall, have rings, and your pretty dress, and ride in a carriage. I don't like brown clothes, and donkey wagons."

Her little lips curled with scorn, as she looked toward Patty.

"Oh," said Lady Estelle, shocked and remonstrant, "would you not like best of all to be good, very good?"

Doris broke into a frank, silvery laugh, showing dimples and pearly teeth.

"No," she said, with charming candor. "I like pretty things more than being good. Mattie can be good for us both. I am pretty. To be good is so dull," she sighed with grace.

The duke laughed heartily, crying.

"Woman, true woman!"

"Not true woman at all," said the duchess, indignantly, "a very vain little girl."

"All little girls should be good," said Lady Estelle, sagely.

Doris laughed again incredulously, with all her heart.

Patty Brace stepped forward, looking distressed.

"Please do not believe her—she is very good, most of the time, unless she is crossed. She has that odd way of talking, but Mark and I try our best to teach her goodness, and so do the ladies at the school. She will be good, I am sure."

"Poor child," said the duchess, "I hope so."

"Promise me that you will be good," said Lady Estelle.

"Oh, I'll promise; but then, I don't keep promises. I don't think I shall be good. I shall laugh in school, and eat all the red apples, and run away to ride, when I am told not."

"Very small sins, overcome in time," laughed the duke.

"Perhaps you would like me to sing for you," said Doris, and with a voice sweet, strong, and clear, she broke into an old ballad, caught from Patty's lips, but vastly improved in her rendering. Her visitors were enchanted.

"You are a very clever little lady," said the duke.

"Oh, yes, I am a lady," said Doris, positively, "and when I am big I shall be just like you," she added to Estelle.

"We must go," said Lady Estelle Hereford, hastily. "Mamma, I feel quite warm and faint. I want out-door air."

CHAPTER VI.

THE duke placed a shining gold sovereign in the hand of Doris, and another in the hand of the quiet Mattie. The duchess looked at the honest, healthy, pleasant face of little Mattie, her frank brown eyes, and simple, rustic manners, and said, suddenly:

"I like this child best. She promises better, she fits her place; she will make the world better for her being in it."

"Thank your grace," said the gratified Patty. "I hope so. But little Doris is very good, too, only we can not help spoiling her; she has such curious ways."

"Perhaps you wish to see me dance," said Doris, who had been placed on the floor. "Mattie can't dance; she won't learn her steps. I learn, and I make my steps; see me."

Full of grace as a true fairy, she caught one side of her little white gown, and with a glance of veiled coquetry at the duke, began to dance.

The duke clapped his hands, in hearty admiration.

The duchess, looking at her daughter, saw that she was deadly pale.

"My dear! you are ill; you are overfatigued!"

"No, no, I am quite well," said Lady Estelle, calm and proud; "I only want fresh air; the room is close."

They made hasty adieus, and Mark followed them to the carriage; Mattie stood, a good little figure, framed in the door-way; Doris danced like a butterfly over the turf near the gate.

Mark, overcome at his great honor, returned to the parlor, and refreshed himself with a draught of cowslip wine.

"Here's an uncommon bit of civility, Patty," he said. "A duke is a duke, say what one may! And what a duke ours is! And what a rare gracious lady is the duchess! But the Lady Estelle—oh, she is rather a proud piece, I fear. But, God bless her, she's young, and doesn't know what life is yet. I hope she'll live to be a comfort and honor to them. Patty! Why don't you speak, my girl? You are as pale as the dead. This visit has overdone you."

"Oh, no; I'm only—thinking—very hard, Mark."

Mark knew of old that when Patty set herself to hard thinking she might as well be let alone, so he went off to his work among the barley. But Patty worked that day with a burden on her heart.

"Well, well," said the duke, as they drove back, "I did not expect to see such a wonderfully beautiful child. Even lovelier than you were, Estelle, when you were little!"

"Was I pretty?" asked the languid Estelle. "Yes, this child is pretty, and seems to be rather bright."

"The prettiest, brightest child I ever saw," said the duke.

"But such shocking ideas! I never saw so young a child with such bad tendencies!" cried the duchess. "It is easy enough to see how she will end."

"How will she end, mamma?" said Lady Estelle's slow, sweet voice.

"Very badly, my dear. She loves luxury; she is willful; she is scornful. She will hate the plain ways of those good people, and they will be able to do nothing with her. Gifts and beauty—dangerous dower for this young bird of paradise in a wood dove's nest."

"They are bringing up their own child well, I fancy."

"Yes, my dear; she is their own; they understand her; they are under no restraint concerning her."

"Honest Mark worships that little beauty," said the duke; "his eyes followed her every moment. She will govern him, and so much the worse for her. Your protegee will have tragedy as well as comedy in her life, Estelle."

"Why call her my protegee?" said Lady Estelle, indolently. "Surely I have sins and follies enough to answer for, papa, without assigning to my protection a child of whom my mother prophesies such evil."

"I wish we could do something for her," said the duke.

"What could we do? She is admirably well kept; she goes to school. If that good Patty Brace could not succeed with her, could we, where life and fashion would fill her head with nonsense? Perhaps I only speak so because I am constitutionally indolent."

"You are quite right. She has too much flattery and indulgence now," said the duchess.

"Sometimes I think that a simple, unworldly life is best for everybody," said Lady Estelle. "I get tired of society and display, and fancy I should like to wear a print gown and lie all day under an apple tree in bloom."

"But apple trees don't bloom all the year, and the ground is often outrageously damp," laughed the duke.

"And these simple people can not lie under the trees all day, or much of the day; consider they must be making butter and cheese, and curing bacon," added her grace.

"So?" drawled Lady Estelle. "Then no doubt I had better stay as I am."

"My dear girl," said her father, seriously, "it is time to reconsider that determination to stay as you are. Not long ago you refused the Marquis of Bourne. You said he was too old and too plain. Now I have a proposal from the Earl of Seaton for your hand. He is neither old nor plain; he is in every way eligible."

"Now you are boring me again, papa," drawled Lady Estelle.

"But, my dear, I approve of the earl. I really wish to see you married. What shall I say to him?"

"Tell him to go away and not trouble me, papa."

"My daughter, he deserves a better answer. You are my only child; I shall not live for ever; I must consider your future. Marriage will contribute to your happiness."

"I am happy enough, papa."

"Then think of our happiness—your mother's and mine. Oh, Estelle! when I saw that lovely little child, how I wished I had a grandchild like that!"

A ruddy blush dyed Lady Estelle's face, and she was silent.

"Daughter," said the duchess, "do not wait and refuse all offers from some romantic fancy about falling in love. That does not belong to your rank. Perhaps your nature is not to love any man very passionately; but you will care for your husband when you are married, and you will love your children."

Lady Estelle dropped her eyelids until the long lashes rested on her swiftly paling cheek.

"Mamma, I hate the word marriage!" she said, with far more than her usual vehemence.

"We will drop the question at present," said her mother, anxiously. "You are looking very pale and ill. This long ride has been too much. I wish I had not permitted it."

Yes, Lady Estelle was the worse for her visit. She looked paler each day, and often when alone she whispered:

"Faithless and debonair—faithless and fair; faithless and debonair!"

The duke soon concluded that he must begin his wanderings again in search of health and strength for his idolized only child. The suitors were sent away, the castle was closed, and the family of Downsbury went far from Brackenside and little Doris.

CHAPTER VII.

MEANWHILE, at the farm little Doris grew, under the protection of Mark and Patty, and yearly, as the day came round which was the anniversary of her arrival, Mark received the hundred pounds, in golden sovereigns, or in fresh, new Bank of England notes.

And Mark, in his sturdy honesty and far-seeing common sense, developed rare qualities as a guardian.

Plain man as he was, he guessed at what a girl of good family, of high social position, should know, and preparing Doris for that position to which some day her unknown mother might call her, he resolved that she should receive accomplishments.

Fortune favored him. In Brackenbury lived a Frenchman, a political exile, a gentleman of high accomplishments. Monsieur D'Anvers was held in great awe in the village; his courtly grace, the foreign tongues he spoke, the pictures that he drew, the water-color landscapes which he painted and sold in London, his playing on various instruments, all lifted him far above his neighbors.

To Monsieur D'Anvers went honest Mark, when Doris was eight years old, and offered him fifty pounds a year to tutor the two little girls, the brown and the fair.

"You will teach Mattie what she wants to learn, and what she can learn," said Mark; "but Doris can learn anything; and I want you to teach her all you know."

So Doris was taken daily to her tutor, as she had been to the school of the Misses Hopwell, and the old French courtier bowed down and worshiped her, as in all her life did all the men who were brought into contact with her.

To teach her was a labor of love. Her aptitude was marvelous. She learned to speak French and German fluently; she drew and painted with taste and skill; her little fingers, with some inherited grace, flew over the ivory keys, or touched the shining chords of harp and guitar. Manners—the manners of courts—the banished

Frenchman taught her and she learned them intuitively.

"Mon Dieu!" cried the old gentleman; "but this child is lovely! She surpassed Ninon D'Enclos, and Diana de Poictiers! She has spirit, wit, originality—everything that is admirable! A queen might be proud to be her mother!"

Doris swayed and enchanted her old preceptor. Mattie, quietly studying French, drawing, and English literature, was left far behind by her foster-sister, who was speedily learning all that the tutor could teach.

"You should have been born a princess, ma belle!" the old man would say, delighted with some flash of wit, some piquant performance. "What will you do with all your beauty here on a farm?"

"Am I very beautiful?" demanded Doris.

"More beautiful than Helen, for whom thousands died; than Cleopatra, who had the world's conquerors at her feet! What will you do with so much beauty?"

"Make the most of it?" and the words jarred on the aristocrat.

All men said the same. Even the rector unwisely cried:

"Little maid, you have beauty enough to turn your head. Do not let it make you proud."

"Who made me beautiful?" asked Doris.

"God, my child."

"Is it not right to be proud of God's work and gifts?"

"You have beauty enough, to be a snare," said the doctor.

"God gave me my beauty, and God is good, and does not set snares," said Doris, quickly, making Mark and the doctor laugh at her ready wit.

"A beautiful body is nothing without a beautiful soul," said Mark, mindful of the letter saying "Keep her soul white and pure."

"I would rather have a beautiful body than a beautiful soul," said Doris, promptly.

"Why, my dear?" demanded the good man, in amaze.

"Because my body is where people can see it. Who can see my soul?" said Doris, scornful of her best possession.

Mark was shocked.

"That comes *from* every one praising you so foolishly; you will be ruined," he exclaimed.

"Mattie can have the beautiful soul, and I will have the beautiful body," retorted Doris. "Monsieur D'Anvers says wisdom is the best gift, the gift for queens; and queens have always ruled kings."

Mark shook his head. It is hard labor to rear an eagle in a sparrow's nest.

"Mother," said Doris, one day, when she was twelve, "this shall not go on longer—I'm sick of it."

"What, my child? Of what are you sick?"

"Of the village, of the farms, of our way of living. I hate it. If I am kept here longer I know I shall run away."

"My dear, are we not good to you?"

"Oh, yes, you are good, of course; but it is not goodness I want; it is change; I want something new—some more style."

"But how and where, Doris?"

"Send me to boarding school. I want to know more of the way ladies do and live. We see no one here. If Mattie does not want to go, I ought not to be kept home. I have learned all Monsieur D'Anvers knows. I talk French and German as fast as he does—we go over the same old things."

"That is true, mother," said Mattie "Doris is a great scholar. I cannot go away from home; I don't want to; I love to stay and help you; but let Doris go."

"I will ask your father," said Patty, hesitatingly.

"And he'll say to let the child have her own way," said Doris, with a laugh.

"Well, I must consult your father."

"Consult my father!" said Doris, with wonderful scorn.

She had a singular contempt for all about her, though no hint that she was other than the child of the Bruces had been given her.

She had her way; she went to a fashionable boarding-school. For her clothing and tuition honest Mark paid the entire hundred pounds each year. She elected to visit schoolmates at vacation, and for four years Brackenside Farm knew no more of the golden-haired mystery.

At sixteen she came home again, beautiful as a fairy, ripe for mischief, mad for display—a tireless reader of French novels.

She looked about that home of rustic goodness, and covert scorn dwelt in the violet eyes, and sat lightly on the chiseled lips; her parents were "so plain," her sister Mattie "a country simpleton."

They on their part rose to do her homage; they bowed down and worshiped at beauty's shrine. And was she not most beautiful?

"Beauty was born in dower, such as earth
Doth rarely reckon 'mid her fading things;
A glory lit her tears, and in her mirth
Shook the sweet laughter of translucent springs."

Already an adept in coquetry, she sighed at once for a victim for her charms. Alas! she found him near.

"Are there any new people?" she asked of Mattie.

"Only Earl Moray."

"Eh? A decent sounding name. Who is he?"

"A poet and a gentleman," cried Mattie, enthusiastically.

"A poet? Poets live, I understand, in garrets."

"But Earle has some money," said Mattie, simply.

"Earle? So? You seem to know him rather well."

Poor Mattie blushed crimson.

CHAPTER V.

"For some had perished in her stern neglect—
Fell on the sword of their own hope and died;
While she in triumph, scornfully erect,
Swept o'er their ashes with the skirts of pride."

BEFORE returning to Brackenside, Doris had demanded a room for herself, and for this room certain furnishings. She did not know that Mark and Patty would say to each other:

"It is only fair, since we have for her a hundred pounds a year;" but she did not know that her will would be law to them.

She brought with her, when she came back to the farm, many little adornments, purchases of her own, or gifts from her school friends; and these Mattie dutifully arranged for her, just as she had polished the windows, and nailed down the carpet, and ironed the curtains before Doris came.

Doris never thought of helping her. She perched herself, Turk fashion, on the foot of the bed, and issued her orders as a good-natured little mistress to her maid. There were knickknacks for the toilet table, pictures for the wall, a little book case of hanging shelves.

"Your room will be fit for a princess, Doris," said Mattie.

"For a princess!" said Doris, with scorn. "If I were half a princess, or only rich, I would clear out the rubbishy things at once. You might have them, Mattie, since you like them. I would have gold-mounted furnishings for my dressing-table, silk hangings, velvet carpets, upholstery in plush and satin, gold, white, pale blue. I would have exquisite marbles, and pictures that cost a fortune each."

"But you never saw such things," said Mattie.

"No; only I have read of them and find in myself a fitness for them. I would give anything for such luxury."

"Do not pine, dear, for what you can never have."

"I may have it some day," said Doris, defiantly.

"But how would you get it?"

"By my beauty. The world belongs to beauty."

Mattie was shocked. She was putting the books on the shelves, and her honest face clouded. She said to Doris:

"I fear your books are worse than none. How did you come to get such books? I have heard Monsieur D'Anvers say some of those were vile trash, and I notice sentences in the others that are not fit reading for a young maid."

"They are *French*," said Doris.

"That does not make them better. There are good books to be had in English. And you have Byron for your only poet. I have heard our rector say Byron is unfit reading for girls."

"You ridiculous, straight-laced creature!"

"And I don't quite like your pictures, dear. The subjects are not pleasant to me. These French beauties were famous for vice—La Pompadour, and Diana, and the rest. This Cleopatra is too scantily attired to suit my taste, and this Trojan Helen is not a nice picture. I would have chosen Joan of Arc, and tender Margaret More, and sad Hecuba, and martyr Margaret. Pictures should elevate our souls."

"My goodness, Mattie! have you been taking lessons of that gentleman poet you mentioned? Where does he live?"

"At Lindenholm; his mother owns it, and came there two years ago, when she was left a widow. Her husband was a curate."

"Then I don't believe your Earle Moray is very rich. He is just a farmer if he has only Lindenholm. I remember the place—half villa, half farm house, with great linden trees around it. Does he write books?"

"He has written one small one—'Songs of the Countryside.' I have it here. You can read it; it is like music."

"Ta, ta! I hate poetry. What does the man look like?"

"Why, he looks as he is, a gentleman, a good man."

"I foresee I shall have a surfeit of goodness here. If the man is neither rich nor handsome, he will hardly pay to flirt with, unless one is desperate."

"To flirt with!" cried Mattie, aghast. "You would not flirt, Doris?"

"And why wouldn't I?"

"Why, it is wicked, it is cruel, it is deceitful."

"Hear the girl talk!" cried Doris, flinging herself back on the bed with peals of musical laughter. "Why, goosey, I flirted with every male creature I set eyes on at school."

"But I thought they did not allow such things."

"Allow? You will undoubtedly be the death of me, with your simplicity," said Doris, sitting up, her golden hair distractingly rumpled, her eyes shining with glee, her dimples dancing like tricky sprites among the deepened roses on her cheeks.

"Don't you understand that it was our chief aim to do what we were not allowed? Men, I admit, were scarce. The writing-master was engaged to one of the teachers; but I flirted with him until she nearly cried her eyes out; and after he had withstood me three months he surrendered at discretion, and I laughed at him.

"The French master vowed he would kill himself on my behalf; the music master fell so conspicuously into my power the preceptress dismissed him and got a person of a woman in green spectacles in his place. As for the dancing master, he played the fool and erred exceedingly whenever I was in sight; so the girls said it was better than a theater."

"Doris, I am ashamed of you."

"What odds does that make, so long as I am not ashamed of myself?"

"But you will not act in that way with Earle?"

"Why won't I? Are you afraid of losing him?"

"He doesn't belong to me," said Mattie, blushing.

"How soon am I likely to see him?" demanded Doris.

"To-morrow. Every day. His mother wants him to be a farmer. She manages Lindenholm now, and sends him to take farming lessons of father. Father thinks everything of Earle, and so does mother."

"A farmer! The game is not worth the candle. I wouldn't be a farmer's wife for anything. I loathe being a farmer's daughter."

"I don't," said Mattie, with spirit. "I'm proud of my home, my honest race, my good, sweet mother, my dear father."

"How queer!" said Doris, meditatively. "Now, I couldn't see anything to be proud of in all that. I should be proud of a coach and greys, and men in livery—of suits of jewels, of a French maid, of velvet, satin, lace, brocade dresses."

"Doris," said Mattie, anxiously, "have you any soul?"

"Soul? If we can not live without one, and soul makes the heart go, I suppose I have: otherwise, I don't feel aware of the property you mention."

"I believe you are only jesting, to tease me. You were always brighter than I am, and a real rogue. You have higher ideas and better intentions and wishes than you say."

"No, really I haven't—not one bit."

"Why, then," said poor Mattie, deeply distressed, "it must be your moral nature that is lacking."

"Moral nature? That's just it," said Doris, with infinite satisfaction. "Moral nature—I haven't any. I think all the nature I have must be immoral; I always side with the sinners in all stories."

Mattie had finished arranging the pretty little room. Doris jumped from her place on the bed.

"Really you have made it look very well, considering what you had to do it with. A sort of household fairy, you, Mattie; your name should be Brownie. Now we will play you are my maid. I am going to bed, and I like to have my hair brushed a long time. It is good for my nerves, and good for my hair. Will you be my maid?"

"With great pleasure," said Mattie, letting down the golden flood of Doris' silken hair. "How beautiful it is!"

"I think I am beautiful every way," said Doris, calmly.

"You are, indeed," said Mattie, without the least envy.

"Your hair will not brush straight! It is all in wavy clusters."

"You will brush it every night, and then I shall like you."

"Surely I will brush it, when you wish. But I like you in all cases," said Mattie. "And I want you to be good, dear."

"And not flirt with Earle Moray? Or other men? I'll not promise that. Flirting is my nature. I will flirt with this Earle until he puts his heart in my hands, and I will crush it up so—as I do this rosebud—and drop it so! You watch and see how it is done, Mattie."

Tears rushed to Mattie's eyes. She hurriedly left the room.

"In love with him! Jealous! Oh, delightful! Here is something to amuse me. I thought I must surely die of dullness here, but I can flirt with the 'gentleman and poet,' and drive this preaching little puritan mad with envy, and that may fill up a year for me. Then, if the prince has not come along to woo, I shall go out somewhere to seek my fortune. Anything but stagnation. I will go where no one of the name of Bruce shall follow me."

Meanwhile, Mattie, in her own neat, snug room, sat in the moonlight, mourning over the perverseness of this beautiful beloved sister, and trembling for Earle Moray, whom she called her friend, and held him far dearer without knowing it. How could any man help loving such a dazzling creature as this Doris? And his manly, noble heart must then be crushed and flung away like that ruined rose? she looked up to the moonlit sky. There was her helper and her friend. She prayed:

"God keep poor Earle."

Then comforted, she sought her bed and slept the sleep of faith. Doris slept the sleep of youth and abounding health, until Mrs. Bruce awoke her.

"It is almost seven, dear. I let you sleep late this morning."

"This late? Now, mother, you might as well know I make my own hours for rising, and I will never rise at seven!"

Patty sighed, and left her; she knew Doris would always have her own way.

CHAPTER IX.

"I sat with Doris, beloved maiden,
Her lap was laden with wreathed flowers;
I sat and wooed her, through sunlight wheeling,
And shadows stealing, for hours and hours."

ROSE the sun over an idyllic day; the white clouds floated softly over the summer blue; but poppies blazed in scarlet splendor through the grass; the bearded barley stood in sheaves, and through the meadows of Brackenside, that prosperous farmer, Mark Bruce, led his men to their work.

Earle Moray, whose mother looked on poesy as the macadamizing of the road to ruin, and desired nothing better for her son than the safe estate and healthful, honest life of a farmer, had come to take a lesson in stacking corn.

It is true that farm work was not especially attractive to Earle the poet, but pleasing his mother was attractive to Earle the son; the friendship of honest Mark was attractive to Earle the man; and Earle had common sense to know that every man is better off for knowing how to win his bread from the field. Therefore, came Earle to his lesson.

"My sister has come!" said Mattie, meeting him with a boding heart. "She has grown more lovely than ever in these four years. You will write poems about her when you see her. Her face is a poem, her voice and laugh are poems."

"And where is the Phœnix of girls?" demanded Earle.

"Down there under the great elm, watching the reapers. I will introduce you to her," said Mattie, who thought this fatal introduction should be well over with, the sooner the better.

Perhaps Doris was in a less limpish mood to-day. Frank Mattie did not dream how Doris had meditated all the morning on the new situation and had dressed for conquest. In rustic surroundings she would play the rural queen. Her dress was a simple print, a white ground with little green sprays of maiden hair traced on it.

At her neck a plot of pale green, through

which was carelessly drawn a flower: in her gleaming hair a cluster of hop blossoms; her wide straw hat at her feet was trimmed with a wreath of hop-vine; over her shoulders fell her wonderful hair.

She held a book in her lap; one white hand rested on the page, the other pushed back a truant curl; and she lifted her lovely eyes in innocent, pleased expectation, as Mattie and Earle drew near.

The heart of Earle Moray stood still with surprise, then it leaped as if it would break its bounds, and a flood of passionate admiration fired his whole being. Oh, how divine a thing she was, this naiad in the meadow land; all poetry should wait, as hand-maid at her feet.

Why was one born to sing, unless to sing. Those shining eyes, those dimpling smiles, that flush of dawn upon her cheeks, well becoming the young morning of her maiden life.

Oh, daughter of the gods of Hellas! Oh, "being fit to startle and surprise," looking at her, this boy-poet, whose soul has until now only stirred in its sleep, and murmured in its dreams, awoke to full and perfect life.

Mattie looked into his flushing face, his kindling eyes, and saw that words, if she had dared to utter them, would now be fruitless to warn him of Doris. She could only in her secret soul hope that Doris was less cruel than she had said, and so send up in silence to the ear of Heaven, that prayer:

"God save Earle Moray!"

Earle looked at her.

"Mattie! What is on your mind? Do you want to say something to me?"

"No—yes—only that you must remember that my sister is only a child, and takes nothing seriously. You will not mind any nonsense that she says?"

"Surely she will speak as she looks, like an angel."

They drew near the elm. With what consummate art were the violet eyes drawn down from contemplation of their native skies to comprehension of earth's lower things! With what a sudden start at the abandon of her own position on the grass did Doris greet Mattie and the "gentleman poet!" She saw the flush on his cheek, the ardent flame lighting his dark eyes. She said to herself:

"I shall have no trouble here; he is at my feet already. Thank fortune the man is handsome; and what an air he has! I shall not waste time on him, as it would be wasted on a clod-hopper. He will be good practice for better times."

"Ah," she said, as Earle asked permission to sit on the grass at her feet, "I don't know as you belong there. Are you a worker or an idler? Mattie is a worker; if you are industrious and good, you must go with her or my father. I am no idler; if you are naughty and idle, you belong to me."

"I am of still a third class—I am a dreamer. Here let me sit and dream of heaven."

Mattie turned away fearful and sick of heart; the mischief was done.

"Dreaming is even better than idling," said Doris. "And here is a real land of dreams. See how the poppies bend, sleepy with sunshine; the sunshine is a flood of refined gold; the bees fly slowly, drunk with perfume; the butterflies drift up and down like beautiful, happy, aimless thoughts. Let us dream, and live to be happy."

"One could not do better," cried Earle. "Here shall be our lotus land, and you are a fit genius for the place, Miss Brace."

"Now, at the very beginning, I must make a treaty with you. Are you coming here often?"

"I hope so."

"Then, unless I am to hate you on the spot, you must not call me Miss Brace. I detest the name! If there is one word above another that I hate, it is that name Brace! It is so common, so mean—a wretched monosyllable!"

"But you would grace any name!" cried Earle.

"I don't mean to grace that very long!" exclaimed Doris.

Earle opened his eyes in uncontrollable amazement.

"You don't know what it is to suffer from a wretched, short, commonplace name. Look at me, and consider that I am called, of all things, Doris Brace! Horrors! Now, your name is fairly good. Earle Moray. There is a savor of gentility, of blood, of breeding, about that. You can venture to rise with such a name. I can only rise by dropping mine, and that I mean to do."

Earle laughed. This was, after all, the pretty, captious nonsense of a little child.

"But Doris is a sweet name. It fits this sweet, homelike landscape. Doris, the lovely shepherdess, has been sung and painted for centuries."

"But I have no genius for woods or fields, and I am afraid of sheep. However, Miss Doris is better than—Miss Brace."

She reached for a poppy growing in the grass, and the book fell from her knee. Earle picked it up, and saw what it was.

"This!" he exclaimed, in genuine consternation.

Now, Doris absolutely lacked the moral sense that would make her ashamed of the book, or revolt at anything she found therein. But she had native wit, and she saw that she was on the point of instantly losing caste with Earle Moray on account of this literature.

"Eh? What kind is it?" she said, with enchanting simplicity. "I bought it on the train late yesterday, and since I came out here I have been too happy to read it. Isn't it a nice book?"

"I should say not," said Earle.

"How do you know, unless you have read it?"

"I know the author's reputation; and then, the title!"

"Dear me! And so I must not read it?—and my one-and sixpence gone! Whenever I try to do particularly right, I do wrong. Unlucky, isn't it? Now the last word my French teacher said to me was, 'By all means keep up your French; you have such a beautiful accent.'"

Earle looked relieved. Here was an explanation of exquisite simplicity. There was no spot on this sweet, stainless lily.

Mattie came back.

"Doris, mother thinks you had better unpack your trunk. Your dresses will be rumpled lying in it so long."

"You unpack it, like a dear! I shall ruin my things taking them out; and then, I can't go in, it is so lovely out of doors."

"Did you not put the things in, to begin with?" asked Mattie.

"No; dear; one of the girls did. The girls loved to wait on me, Mattie!" This with sweet reproach.

"But mother thinks you are keeping Earle from work."

"Go away, Earle!" said Doris, giving him a dainty little push. "If you play idle here, I am to be called in and set to work. After that stuffy old school this four years, I cannot stay indoors. Go, Mattie, and tell mother if she insists on my coming in, I shall appeal at once to my fairy godmother to turn me into a butterfly."

Mattie walked slowly away.

"That's all right," said Doris with satisfaction. "They all end by letting me have my own way."

"And how does that work?"

"Well. Don't you suppose it is always a very nice way?"

"It must be, indeed," said Earle, heartily.

He thought to himself that so charming a form must shrine only the tenderest of hearts, the sweetest of souls, and her way must always be a good way.

The girl was infinitely more lovely than one could look for in the child of Mark and Patty Brace, the sister of gentle Mattie; but being the child of Mark and Patty, and sister of Mattie, she must be a sharer in their goodness, that sterling honesty, that generous unselfishness, that made those three everywhere beloved and respected, patterns of domestic and neighborly virtues.

Thus thinking, Earle summed himself in the radiance of her smiles.

CHAPTER X.

WHILE Earle Moray watched Doris, and lost himself in delicious fancies of a soul fair as the body that shrined it, Doris, on her part, gazed on him with awakening interest.

She had expected to see a young countryman, a rhymster who believed himself a poet, one with whom she could "flirt to pass away the time," and "to keep in practice"—not this gentleman in air and dress, with the cultivated musical voice, the noble face, the truthful, earnest eye.

Said Doris in her heart, "I did not know that little dairymaid Mattie had such good taste;" and in proportion as the value of Mattie's love increased before her, so increased her joy in winning it away.

Not that Doris had any malice toward Mattie personally, but she had a freakish love of triumphing in the discomfiture of others. Slowly she yielded to the fascination of Earle's presence.

She told herself that "the detestable country" could be endurable with him to play lover at her feet. To her, mentally arranging "the detestable country," spoke Earle:

"I love this scene; fairer is hardly found in any book of nature. What is more lovely, more suggestive, than a wheat field with golden sheaves?"

"I am a true child of the cities," said Doris, "despite my country birth and rural name: I was just thinking how superior are the attractions of paved streets, filled with men and women, and lined with glittering windows. But if you will tell me some of the suggestions of the wheat field, no doubt I shall learn from you to think differently."

How charming was this docile frankness!

"It suggests earth's millions filled daily with bread. It suggests that gracious Providence, by long and lovely processes, forstalling man's needs. It brings to mind the old-time stories of Joseph's dream of bowing sheaves, of Ruth gleaning in the field of Boaz."

The stories of Ruth, Rebecca, and Esther were the three Bible stories that Doris knew; the face of Doris lighted as she answered:

"Oh, I like that! I have imagined Boaz—tall, grave, stately, dark; and Ruth—young, and fair, and tender. I cannot quite fancy how Naomi looked—like other old women with a sad history, I suppose—but the words are lovely."

"'Whither thou goest I will go; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.'"

His voice took a deep, passionate tone, and his eyes filled with the light of love.

"Mattie says you are a poet!" cried Doris. "Are you?"

"I wish I could say 'I am.' Time will prove me. I have the poet's longing. Shall I ever reach the poet's utterance?"

"Why, I think you have it now?" said Doris, sweetly.

"It is because you inspire me, perhaps. As I came toward you, I wondered whether you were Tennyson's 'Dora' or 'The Gardener's Daughter.'"

"Oh, neither! I am very different! They were content with trees and flowers, and humble ways. Was it not Dora who 'dwelt unmarried till her death?' I shall not do that. I shall marry, and fly from the country side. I can live among people in the city."

"What! cannot you live the truest life, where wind and rain, and water-fall, and birds make music? the flowers mark the sweet procession of seasons—all is calm, and security, and innocence."

"Tell me," said Doris, bending forward, glee in her sapphire eyes, her small hand thrilling him as she touched his arm; "tell me, poet, are you content? Do you not long for fame? To sway your fellows, to be rich, to make money?"

"Oh, money is the lowest of all objects. What is money to love?" demanded Earle.

"Money, just as metal, may be a low object, but money as money, as getting what we want most, is a high object. Think of what it can buy. Think of gorgeous pictures lighting your walls with beauty, of flashing jewels and gleaming marbles, of many fountained gardens, of homes fit to live in, not stuffy little farm houses, with windows under the eaves. Tell me, are you content? Will you live and die a farmer? Is not this money a thing worth winning to lay at the feet of love? Will you not spread the wings of your soul for a wider life? Have you not ambition?"

"Yes!" cried Earle; "I have ambition."

The dimpling smile showed the shining pearly line of little teeth; the soft fingers of the little hand touched his hand as she withdrew them; and, leaning back against her oak-tree, she laughed joyously:

"I have found a fellow-sinner."

"Ambition can be noble, rather than evil, and to aspire is not to sin. Who could help being ambitious with you as the apostle of ambition? You enforce with your beauty each word that you utter."

"You think me beautiful?" said Circe, in sweetest wonderment, as if she had not studied dress, look, pose, gesture minutely to enhance her wonderful and rich endowments of nature.

"Words can not tell how fair. A verse keeps singing through my brain; it is this:

"'And she, my Doris, whose lap encloses
Wild summer roses of sweet perfume,
The while I sued her, smiled and hearkened,
Till daylight darkened from glow to gloom.'"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

OLD TIME NOTICES.—Papyrus leaves more than three thousand years old have been found at Thebes, describing runaway slaves and offering a reward for their capture; and at Pompeii ancient advertisements have been deciphered on the walls.

WHAT A BOA CONSTRICTOR CAN DO.—The boa constrictor is capable of swallowing deer, calves or men whole. It first catches its prey by hanging from the branch of a tree near the place where the animals are accustomed to go to water, and since it has no poisonous fangs it kills its prey by pressure.

WHY THEY REMAIN SHARP.—The outer edge of the incisors of the teeth of rats is covered with a layer of enamel as hard as flint, while the under side is much softer. Consequently, the layers of enamel on the under side wear away much faster than those on the upper surface, and a keen cutting edge is always presented.

WITH NICKNAMES.—In one little town of 1,700 population—Flinsberg, Silesia—there are 152 families aggregating 653 persons, all having the one family name of Glaser. To distinguish them, each of the 152 families has, besides its real name, a nickname, and the oddest of these is "Abgehackte Nussbaum-Glaser," which is owing to the stump of a walnut tree in front of their home.

"AS THICK SKINNED AS?"—A certain useful animal has hitherto specially enjoyed the reputation of being the most pachydermatous of creatures. We use the phrase "as thick-skinned as a donkey," but the donkey is nowhere in this respect. The skin of the whale is from two inches to two feet thick, that of a large specimen weighing thirty tons. The rhinoceros is the thickest-skinned quadruped, with a hide so tough as to resist the claws of the lion or tiger, the sword, or the balls of the old-fashioned musket.

DANGER FROM DUST.—The Italian physicians, who have been making a study of the component parts of the street dust of Turin, one of the cleanest cities in Europe, by the way, report that the germs of every disease known to science were discovered. On the sweets exposed for sale in the streets, and on the surface of food sold in the open air, they found the germs of tuberculosis, anthrax, and ten other maladies. Nothing can be really safe to eat if there is danger even in dust.

ESTIMATING ITS HEIGHT.—The Arabs have two methods of estimating the height to which a colt will grow, the first being to stretch a cord from the nostril over the ears and down along the neck, and compare this measurement with that from the withers to the feet. The other method being to compare the distance between the knee and the withers with that from knee to the coronet. In the first method it is considered that the colt will grow as much taller as the first measurement exceeds that of the second; and the second method if the proportion is as two to one the horse will grow no taller.

"HOW DO YOU DO?"—The Germans say "Wie befinden sie sich?" (How do you find yourself?) or "Wie geht's?" (How goes it?); the Dutch "Hoe vaart gij?" (How do you fare?); the Italians "Come state?" (How do you stand?); the French "Comment vous portez vous?" (How do you carry yourself?). The Greeks says "Ti kaneis?" (What do you do?), while in China the expression is, "Have you eaten your rice?" In Russia, "Be well!" and "How do you live on?" and in Arabia, "May your morning be good!" "God grant thee His favors." The Turk's greeting is, "Be under the care of God," and that of the Persians, "Is thy exalted condition good?" "May thy shadow never be less!" etc.

BEATING THEM AT THEIR OWN GAME.—Amongst certain of the natives of Panama and other Central American towns there is a sport called bull-teasing. The animal is turned loose into the street or led by a rope, and is then tormented by those who have hired it from the butcher. It is thought a special compliment to a young woman to hire a bull on her birthday and give it a thorough teasing. A North American once witnessed this pleasant pastime, and determined to teach the cowards a lesson. He brought a bear with him from California, and let it loose in the street one day. When the people complained, he merely remarked that he didn't see why he shouldn't keep his child's birthday in his own way, and so the bear chased the folk to much better purpose than the wretched tormented bull had any chance of doing.

THE COST.

BY S. J.

Now let me sit and think to-night
  Of all that I have lost,
And all that I have gained in life,
  And what has been the cost.
What have I gained? Some smiling friends,
  With ever-watchful eyes,
To stay no longer than fortune stays,
  And vanish when she flies;
Position too, and leave to rest
  Where once I labored hard,
The world's esteem, while nobler hearts
  Are held in light regard.

What have I lost? Alas! I think
  I scarcely need to ask:
My thoughts are all regrets, and shrink
  From memory's bitter task.
And yet what seems so much to me
  Is very short to tell,—
I lost a heart that loved me,
  And one that I loved well;
And in its place I have my state,
  My house and dresses gay,
And some have said I was well paid
  For that I gave away.
But I know better, and my heart,
  Regretting all it lost,
Upbraids me with what I have gained,
  And what has been the cost.

AFTER LONG YEARS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLORY'S LOVERS," "AN ARCH-IMPOSTOR," "HUSHED UP!" "A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

MORDAUNT laughed unsteadily. He welcomed the suggestion.

"I've had a glass or two," he said. "The hotel liquor is thundering bad, and I fancy it's got into my head. Is there any soda water here?" He went to the sideboard, staggering slightly, and got a syphon. "I didn't expect you back so soon."

"No," said Mr. Sapley. "But I got my business done quicker than I thought. I was just in time to sell out of this company. It went smash the next day. No end of people ruined over that business. Mostly clergymen and widows, and people of that kind. I can't think how people can be such fools to put their money into such concerns; but they always do."

He rubbed his chin, and his lips twisted into a smile. "I made a good thing out of that! Feel better now? It isn't like you to take too much, Mordy."

Mordaunt got the brandy decanter and poured out a liberal quantity.

"Oh, I'm all right," he said, "what were you saying?"

"I was saying that luck seemed to be standing fast by me," said old Sapley, taking some papers from his pocket and turning them over, "and while luck's with you, then is the time to strike out. How have you been getting on with Miss Sartoris?" He cast a shrewd glance at Mordaunt who sat with his head resting on his hand.

"Oh, very well," said Mordaunt, with a laugh and a hiccough. "She's been very friendly with me—quite chummy. I gave her a flower yesterday, and she took it as if she liked it."

Mr. Sapley stretched his mouth into a grin of satisfaction. "She did, did she?" he said. "That's right, Mordy! You stick to it. Keep on paying her little attentions and going on the humble and respectful dodge, as I advised you; there's nothing gets over a woman like that.

I know them! And when the time's ripe—strike! Don't you be afraid—take example by me—I've never been afraid to seize my luck when I saw it lying within my grasp. Remember that I am at the back of you!"

Mordaunt looked up at him hazily. "This isn't the first time you've hinted at some kind of power you've got over Miss Sartoris, guv'nor. What does it mean?"

Mr. Sapley's expression changed at once to one of cunning cautiousness.

"Never you mind," he said, pursing his lips and nodding with a kind of grim self-satisfaction. "You do your part and I'll do mine. Your part's the love-making, and with your education and the rest of it, you ought to be able to do it well enough, or what was the use of my sending you to college. But look here, Mordy," he went on more gravely.

"There must be no more of this kind of drink! You must keep off the drink. And there must be no philandering with any other girl. I've heard that you've been seen with that girl of old Hawker's—what's her name? Lucy——"

Mordaunt's face went white, and then crimson, and he started to his feet, clutching the table.

"Who says that?" he demanded, shrilly. "It's a lie! It's an infernal lie!"

Mr. Sapley was startled at his vehemence, and the two looked at each other across the table in silence for a moment, then old Sapley said, almost apologetically.

"All right, Mordy, there's no need to get into a fury. I only tell you what I've heard, and remind you that you've got to be cautious. There's nothing a woman will forgive sooner than a man fooling about another woman. But if you say there's nothing in it, why, there isn't, and I'm satisfied."

"There isn't," said Mordaunt, sullenly, and covertly moistening his lips which were dry and burning. "The girl's nothing to me, I've scarcely spoken to her—not more than to any other girl in the place! What do you mean?" as she spoke he stretched out his hand for the spirit decanter, but his father seized his arm.

"All right, all right, Mordy," he said, soothingly. "You've had enough for to-night, let the brandy alone and go to bed."

Mordaunt's hands fell on the table limply. "Perhaps you're right," he said, with a shaky laugh, and with uncertain steps he left the room.

* * * * * *

When Claire came down to breakfast the next morning she was rather paler than usual, and there were dark shadows under her eyes.

"You are not looking well, dear, this morning," said Mrs. Loxton, with tender solicitude.

"I have had a bad night," said Claire quietly. "I shall be all right when we've had a drive."

The night had been altogether a sleepless one for her. The doubts which always follow decisive action had assailed her through the silent hours of the night. After all, had she been just to Gerald?

Her love for him took up arms and fought on his behalf. Had she any right to doubt his love, to send him away with that curt "No," because of a flirtation which, perhaps, was quite innocent and harmless?

Very probably Lucy had thrown herself in his way, and he had meant nothing more than that kind of friendliness which a man of the world would extend to a simple village girl.

Something within her championed Gerald's cause and made her think that she had been needlessly cruel, both to him and herself. His words rang in her ears with the accents of truth and she almost regretted bitterly her refusal of him.

But regrets were futile now. He was too proud to repeat his offer of love, he would avoid her while he was compelled to remain at Regna and then pass from her life for ever!

It is scarcely too much to say that if Gerald had presented himself that morning, she would have confessed her love and refrained even from asking for an explanation!

After breakfast the carriage was ordered for a long drive to a distant farm, and Claire was waiting on the terrace, with her head resting on her hand and her eyes fixed dreamily on the sea, across which Gerald was at this moment sailing, when Lee passed close below her. He touched his hat, and then stopped.

Claire roused herself and wished him good morning.

"Good-morning, miss," said Lee, respectfully and hesitatingly. "Have you seen Mr. Wayre this morning, miss?"

The color rose to Claire's face for a moment. "No," she said.

"I asked, miss, because I wanted to see him, and I didn't know whether he'd be here this morning."

"Why not?" asked Claire, trying to speak indifferently.

"Well, miss," said Lee. "Mr. Wayre was looking very knocked up last night, quite ill as you may say, and I made so bold as to advise him to take a holiday."

Claire averted her face. "Perhaps he has done so," she said, coldly.

"I'm thinking he may have done so, miss," he said, "seeing as he's not here. He's generally first on the works. I shouldn't want to trouble him," he went on, shyly, "but I've lost one of the plans. He may have taken it with him, by mistake; I think I'll walk down to the cottage. Good-morning, miss."

Claire's heart sank. Had he gone away already?

The carriage came round, and they started for their drive. Claire was very silent for a time, then, as she felt that Mrs. Loxton was watching her anxiously, she roused herself and assumed a cheerfulness she was far from feeling. It seemed as if something had gone out of her life, as if the brightness which had of late warmed and illuminated it had become overclouded.

They stayed for some little time at the farm, and Claire proposed that they should go home another way, which would take them through Regna. She would not have admitted to herself that her reason for doing so was her desire to learn if Gerald had gone.

As they drove along the road above the Hawker's cottage they saw a small group of persons on the terrace talking together with evident signs of excitement. Amongst them Claire discerned Lee.

"Something seems to be the matter, Claire," said Mrs. Loxton. "Oh, dear, I hope it isn't an accident."

Claire stopped the carriage. "We will go down and see," she said.

As they approached the cottage the group became silent, and touching their hats, looked awkward and constrained.

"Is anything the matter?" asked Claire.

"Well, we don't rightly know, miss," said a fisherman. "There's something wrong in there," and he jerked his head towards the cottage.

"Something wrong? Someone ill?" asked Claire. "Who is it?"

"It's Miss Lucy, miss," said the man.

"Lucy ill!" said Claire, and she hastened to the cottage.

The door was opened and she entered. Old Hawker was sitting at the table, with his head bowed upon his hand. He looked up, and his face struck Claire with a foreboding of some great trouble.

"Oh, what is the matter, Captain Hawker?" she asked.

He rose, leaning heavily on the table. "It's my gell, Lucy, miss," he said, hoarsely.

"Lucy? What is wrong with her?" asked Claire.

"She's gone!" said the old man, brokenly.

"Gone!" repeated Claire.

"Yes, miss," he said, huskily. "She's left me! My gell, Lucy!"

Claire was silent for a moment, and then she said:

"Try and tell me all about it, Captain Hawker. Perhaps you are distressing yourself without cause!"

The old man shook his head. "No, miss. She's gone, right enough! Gone without a word!"

"When did she go?" asked Claire.

"Last night," he said, hoarsely. "Without a word!"

"But there may be no use for alarm," said Claire, soothingly. "She may have gone to pay a visit to some friend, and been detained—remained the night. She will be here presently."

The old man tried to accept the encouragement, but shook his head and groaned.

"Where could she have gone, miss?" he said. "She could have sent word, or would have been back early this morning. No, Miss, she's left me! Last night she took some things—clothes—with her and stole away. I shall never see her again!"

"Oh, why should you think that!" said Claire.

"It's borne home upon me, Miss!" he said. "I know it as certain as if I saw her dead this very moment." He sank into the chair and hid his face with his huge rough hands. Then he let them fall, and looked out of the window with stolid despair. "I've noticed a change in her for some time past, Miss," he said. "She was nervous and timid like, sometimes moping, and sometimes wild and gay like. I've a noticed it!"

"Where do you think she has gone?" asked Claire.

He shook his head.

"Do not despair," said Claire. "Perhaps you'll hear from her by this very next post, explaining everything."

"No, Miss," he said, almost inaudibly. "She'll be too 'shamed to write!"

"Ashamed!" echoed Claire.

"Yes, Miss," he said, huskily. "She's not gone alone!"

"Not gone alone!" said Claire, with a vague presentiment of what was coming.

"No, Miss. She's gone with him—curse him!"

Claire's eyes asked with whom, her lips refused to frame the question.

"With Mr. Wayre!" said the old man.

Claire caught the edge of the table, for a sudden faintness assailed her.

"Oh, no, no!" she breathed. "Not with him!"

"Aye, you may well be took aback, Miss," he said, bitterly. "He's deceived us all. I thought him as honest and open as the day; a true gentleman. But he's proved himself a villain!"

"No, no!" said Claire. "It is not true—You have no right—" Her heart revolted against the accusation. That the man who stood before her but a few hours since could be guilty of the mean betrayal of an innocent girl seemed preposterous and impossible! She controlled herself by a great effort.

"There is some mistake!" she said, almost calmly.

"I do not know very much of Mr. Wayre," her lips trembled, but I know he is incapable of doing what you suspect!

"There's no mistake, Miss," said the old man, shaking his head. "He left last night, too, and without a word! Why should he go and at the same time, and so suddenly? He wasn't thinking of going! He only waited to take a few things in a bag: room's all untidy, and littered as he threw the things about"

Claire sank into a chair. A sudden weakness seemed to have fallen upon her. "I cannot believe it!" she murmured, more to herself than to him.

"It was impossible!" whispered Mrs. Loxton, who had been standing inside the door. She was almost as moved as Claire, for she had taken a great liking to Gerald, and had even less cause to suspect him than Claire had.

The old man shook his head again. "Aye, so anyone would have said, Mum," he said.

"But there's other things besides his going so suddenly and at the same time! He and Lucy have been seen together, walking alone at night, and in out-of-the-way places. Folks can tell me—now it's too late!" he added, bitterly.

"They was always together!" said a woman amongst the group outside the door. "I see 'em last night!" As she spoke Mr. Sapley pushed his way through.

"What's this I hear?" he began, then he saw Claire, and removed his hat. Close behind him followed Mordaunt. He was looking haggard, and just as a man does after a night's heavy drinking.

He would have given all he possessed to have been able to keep away from the village; but he could not. Something seemed to draw him towards it; a loathsome craving to learn what effect Lucy's disappearance had created, and how the village folks would explain her sudden and unexpected absence.

He did not enter the room, but stood just outside the door, trying to call a little color into his cheeks, and to assume an air of benevolent interest.

Old Sapley listened with bent brows to old Hawker's story, and Mordaunt as he, too, listened, felt a sudden thrill of malignant satisfaction which at last sent the desired color to his cheeks.

"Gone off with Miss Lucy!" said old Sapley, grimly. "That's a bad business!"

A sudden inspiration fell upon Mordaunt; one of those inspirations which often come to the criminal, whose brain is sharpened by mingled fear and cunning. He stepped inside the room.

"I don't believe it!" he said, quite warmly. "I beg your pardon, Miss Sartoris! Perhaps I've no right to express an opinion, as I don't know all the circumstances of the case; but I can't help saying that I don't believe it!"

Claire raised her eyes and looked at him with a sudden hope. He caught the glance and followed up his happy idea.

"Mr. Wayre and I have never been very great friends," he said, with an affectation of candor. "I don't think we liked each other, but in common fairness I am bound to say that I don't think Mr. Wayre would be guilty of this that is laid to his charge."

Claire's lips moved. Her eyes were fixed upon his face. She felt grateful to him. Knowing him as she did of his encounter with Gerald on the night of his arrival, his conduct in standing up for the absent man seemed to her magnanimous to a degree. Mordaunt understood the expression in her eyes, and his heart warmed as if he were actually as noble as he seemed.

"Mr. Wayre was a gentleman," he said. "He had his faults, like most of us, but I am sure that he was incapable of such baseness as this. It's true that we don't know very much about him, but one can read a man's character pretty correctly, even after a short acquaintance, and, as I have said, you will find that Mr. Wayre knows nothing whatever of this business, and is in no way connected with Miss Lucy's disappearance."

Claire rose.

"Thank you," she said, almost inaudibly. "Mr. Wayre will himself thank you when he returns."

The poor old man shook his head. "He won't come back!" he said, in a kind of stupor. "He's been seen with her; he's taken her away from me!"

"Who has seen Mr. Wayre with her?" asked Mordaunt, turning upon the group at the door.

There was an awkward silence for a moment or two, then the woman who had spoken before, said, half-sullenly, "I've seen 'em, and there's several more as 'ev seen 'em; Jenks for one."

And she turned appealing to Jenks, the coastguard. He had been standing on the edge of the crowd, smoking his pipe, with his hands thrust deep into his pockets, and with an air of not desiring to take any part in the discussion.

This man had rather a sharp, hatchet-shaped face, with small, shifty eyes, and these eyes had been watching Mr. Mordaunt as that gentleman spoke in Gerald's defence. Appealed to now by the woman, and with every eye upon him he moved uneasily, and without taking his pipe from his mouth, muttered, reluctantly—

"Yes, I've seen 'em!"

Mordaunt looked at him. "When?" he asked.

"The other night, on the cliff path," said Jinks, without raising his eyes.

Mordaunt seemed staggered for a moment at this combined testimony, then he said, boldly, "But what does all this prove? Nothing! Surely a gentleman may be seen talking to a well conducted girl like Lucy Hawker without being suspected of any evil designs! Why, any one of us, under such circumstances, may easily lay ourselves open to a similar charge, if the mere fact of being seen with a person of the opposite sex is considered sufficient cause for suspicion."

Mr. Sapley, who had been regarding his son with covert surprise—for he knew that Mordaunt hated Gerald—muttered, "I ought to have sent him to the Bar!" Then he said, aloud—

"It seems to me we're wasting time. The girl can't have gone far. It ought not to be difficult to trace her; she would be seen and recognized at Thraxton station, and we could telegraph and put the police on her track."

"I'll have no police set on my gell!" said old Hawker, with sudden vehemence.

His father's speech had driven the color from Mordaunt's face. It was from such practical minds as that of his father he had most to fear.

"Captain Hawker is quite right," he said. "I can quite understand his feelings. Publicity must- er—be avoided as much as possible. We must study Captain Hawker's feelings."

Old Sapley knitted his brows and looked at his son in astonishment. He was coming out in quite a new character. Mr. Sapley could scarcely repress a grin.

"What should you advise, Mordaunt?" he said, half-mockingly.

"Inquiries must be made, of course," said Mordaunt, "and if Captain Hawker will permit me, I shall be glad to do what I can. I will go down to Thraxton, I will ride to the junction and wire inquiries."

"They may have crossed the Channel from here or from the next port," suggested old Sapley, showing by the "they" that he, at any rate, believed Gerald guilty.

"She may!" admitted Mordaunt. "In that case, I fear pursuit will be almost hopeless."

"She's gone with him!" muttered old Hawker, brokenly.

"I will go at once," said Mordaunt. "One of you go up to the house and bring my horse!"

A barefooted boy, delighted with the errand, darted off.

Claire rose and laid her hand—it trembled—upon the old man's shoulder. "Do not lose all hope," she said, pityingly. "Mr. Mordaunt will make enquiries at once. He will be sure to find her! No one in these days of the telegraph can disappear without being traced."

"God bless you, Miss!" said the old man. "But I know it's of no use. I shall never see her again.

Claire went outside. Mr. Mordaunt was standing talking to the group, and he turned to her at once.

"Let me take you to your carriage, Miss Sartoris?" he said. His tone was quite different to his usual one; all the foolish affectation was gone out of him. Strange as it may seem, his crime and the terrible danger in which he stood had almost made a man of Mr. Mordaunt Sapley. Life had become a fearfully serious thing for him, and his foolish Oxford tricks of speech and manner were cast from him.

As they walked to the carriage Claire said in a low voice: "You have behaved very nobly this morning, Mr. Mordaunt. You have stood up in the defence of one, who, being absent, is unable to defend himself."

The blood shot to Mordaunt's face. What a lucky idea that was of his! "I only said what I thought," he said. "I do not think Mr. Wayre guilty."

"Nor I," said Claire, trying to control her voice, "Though circumstances——"

"Circumstantial evidence should never be relied upon, or hardly ever," he said. "Many an innocent man has been hung upon it. But even supposing that Mr. Wayre has gone off with Lucy Hawker, it doesn't follow that he intends to do her a wrong."

Claire had entered the carriage and she turned her face to him with parted lips.

"I mean," he said, "that he may marry her. Why not? She is, I believe, an extremely nice girl, rather above her station, and Mr. Wayre may consider her quite fit to be his wife."

Claire said nothing, but drew her veil over her face.

"May I come and tell you the result of my inquiries, Miss Sartoris; you would like to hear?"

"Thank you—if you please—Yes; I shall be glad."

The carriage drove away. When it had gone, the reaction set in upon Mordaunt. The flush that the excitement of playing his part had caused died away, and his face resumed its worn and haggard appearance.

What a terrible path he was treading! He was like a man walking on the edge of a volcano. And yet what had he to fear? Fate seemed to have come to his assistance. That Gerald Wayre should have disappeared so suddenly and without cause, was providential for him, Mordaunt.

It was true that Wayre might return at any moment; but at any rate time was gained. Who knew; Fate might stand by him still! At any rate, he held the threads of the tangled web in his hand.

If he could hide his guilty secret, could keep Gerald Wayre from returning and proving his innocence, he might follow up the steps he had gained in Miss Sartoris' favor.

For a moment or two, his dread gave way to the flattering unction of ambition. Lucy out of the way, he was free to win the good-will of the mistress of Court Regna.

The boy came clattering down the road with his horse. Mordaunt gave him a shilling, and mounting, rode quickly towards Thraxton.

As he came to the bend of the road, leading to Regna, a figure stepped out from the side path and stood in his way. It was Jenks, the coastguard.

Mordaunt was riding past, but something in the man's face arrested him, and he pulled up.

"Well, what is it, Jenks?" he asked, impatiently. "Has anything further been discovered?"

"Not as I knows of, sir," he said, still keeping his eye on his pipe. "I was only going to ask your honor for a bit o' 'bacca!"

Mordaunt's face flushed angrily. "Is this a time to stop me on such an excuse?" he said, hotly. "You're always begging for tobacco!"

Jenks still looked at his pipe impassively.

"No offence, sir," he said. "I'm a poor man, and 'bacca costs a deal o' money!"

Mordaunt swore at him again. "I haven't any," he said. "Get out of my way!"

Jenks did not move. He stood right in front of the horse, and looked as if he meant to lay hold of the bridle.

"Perhaps yer honor 'u'l give me the price of a pipe?" he said.

As he spoke, he raised his shifty eyes with a peculiar expression to Mordaunt's face. Mordaunt went scarlet with anger, and his lips parted with another oath; but something in the man's small eyes—was it a menace?—struck Mordaunt dumb. The color left his face, and he sat like a man under a spell. A sudden fear, springing from whence he knew not, cramped his heart.

"Confound you!" he said, "you are a confirmed beggar!"

He took a coin from his pocket, scarcely conscious that it was a sovereign, and flung it to the ground, and rode on, cursing himself for a fool for being frightened at a man's glance.

Jenks picked up the coin and looked over his shoulder at the retreating horseman, with a strange smile. "You're a bold one!" he muttered.

CHAPTER XVII.

THERE was very little work done in Regna for the remainder of that day. The people stood about in groups discussing Lucy's disappearance with mingled sorrow and indignation, for the Hawkers were old inhabitants and very much respected, and Lucy herself had been the acknowledged belle of the place.

Of course, the women blamed her, while the men freely cursed Gerald, and not one of them had the least suspicion of the real criminal. By some it was thought that Lucy was too good a girl to be led astray, and that she was either already secretly married, or that Gerald would marry her at the earliest opportunity; Mordaunt Sapley's boldly declared opinion naturally carried some weight.

But old Hawker refused to be comforted, and was still firmly convinced that he should never see Lucy again. There was a good deal of pride about Regna; it was a little place by itself, full of a certain independence and jealous of its reputation, and it was unanimously agreed that the scandal should be hushed up as closely as possible; so that whatever they thought, they openly declared their belief that things would turn out all right, and that Lucy would return "an honest woman."

Mordaunt Sapley did not come back until the next day. He had left his horse at Thraxton and had gone down the line, ostensibly to make inquiries. He rode straight to the cottage with his report, and though he looked haggard and worn, as a man might be expected to look who had been traveling so many hours without rest, he bore a cheerful and encouraging countenance.

His reappearance had been noticed, and a small group gathered round the door, and he addressed them as much as the bereaved father.

"You were right and I was wrong," he said, gravely. "She has gone with Mr. Wayre."

A murmur arose, and old Hawker groaned and clenched his hand.

"I traced them as far as Welby Junction, and there I found that a gentleman answering Mr. Wayre's description in company with a young girl, had taken tickets for London. They failed to identify her by my description, but a porter remembered seeing the gentleman carrying a bundle wrapped in a large, blue cotton apron or handkerchief." He paused and looked round inquiringly, and one of the women said:

"Aye, that's Lucy's right enough! She must have wrapped her things up in it."

Mordaunt Sapley moistened his lips nervously. "That removes all doubt then," he said. "I could have placed the matter in the hands of the police, but, as I said yesterday, I did not think it would be well to do so, and I have communicated with a friend in London with whom my father does business, and asked him to make inquiries. He will spare no expense, and I have no doubt that we shall soon hear of the fugitive."

The listeners murmured their approval, and old Hawker stammered a few words of gratitude.

"I am still confident," said Mordaunt, as he mounted his horse, "that Mr. Wayre will act honorably by your daughter; and if he should not have already done so, we will find some means of compelling him. I should advise you to talk about the matter as little as possible, and to think of her as charitably as you can. After all, he concluded with a forced smile, "she is not the only girl who has run away from home, and made a secret marriage!"

Mordaunt Sapley was not by any means a favorite, but a great many who heard him felt convinced that he was a better sort of man than they had thought him, and they agreed that he had acted in this matter as a true friend to the Hawkers and to Regna in general.

Mordaunt rode straight up to the Court, feeling that his dusty, travel-stained appearance would count in his favor with Miss Sartoris.

He was shown into the library, and presently Claire came to him. He noticed that a change had taken place in her appearance during the last few hours.

She was no paler than usual, but there was a set look about her eyes and her lips as if she had suffered from the painful event, and as if she were trying to subdue all signs of that suffering.

"I have come up at once, Miss Sartoris," he said, "for I thought that you would like to hear what news I had as soon as possible."

"Thank you," said Claire. She stood with one hand resting on the table, her face turned towards the windows, as if she felt strong enough to permit the light to fall upon her countenance. No one can describe what Claire had suffered during these hours of suspense, but she was not one to wear her heart upon her sleeve, and her natural pride had come to her assistance in her struggle to appear calm and unmoved.

Mordaunt Sapley, as he glanced at her sideways, thought that she looked almost imperial, notwithstanding the youthfulness of the lovely face, and the slimness of the girlish figure. Even at that moment he compared her with the girl he had been "fool enough" to fancy, as he mentally put it, and he wondered how he could ever have bestowed a thought upon Lucy Hawker while Miss Sartoris shone like a star within his ken.

"Have you discovered anything?" asked Claire.

He was careful to repeat almost word for word, what he had said at the Hawkers.

"I regret that I was wrong in expressing my belief in Mr. Wayre's innocence," he wound up. "But I am still convinced that Mr. Wayre will act as an honorable man and marry the girl. Why he should have persuaded her to fly with him in this clandestine manner I cannot imagine; but no doubt he will explain his reason when he returns."

Claire averted her face slightly, a faint tremor had passed over her lips.

"You think that he will return?" she said, in a low voice.

Mordaunt looked at her with real or affected surprise. "Will he not be compelled to do so?" he said. "There is the building——"

Claire moved to the window. "I should wish that to be stopped now," she said.

Mordaunt Sapley's heart leapt exultingly.

"But the contract has been entered into with Lee," he said; "the work has been commenced."

Claire raised her head proudly and looked straight before her. "Mr. Lee can be compensated," she said. "Surely I am not compelled to go on with it, if I do not like to do so?"

"No, no, certainly not," assented Mordaunt. "It is entirely a matter of money; I will speak to my father, and we will take steps to stop the work immediately. In any case, it would not be well to go on during Mr. Wayre's absence, and, under any circumstances, we have only to carry out your wishes."

"Thank you," said Claire, turning to him, and for the first time noticing his pale face and dusty condition. "Have you not been home yet? Will you not have some wine?"

He thanked her gratefully, but declined. "My father will be anxious to hear my report," he said, "and I will not keep him waiting any longer."

"It was very kind of you to come to the Court first," said Claire.

He begged her not to mention it, and as he opened the door he said, with admirably simulated sincerity—

"Forgive me, Miss Sartoris, if I ask you not to condemn Mr. Wayre, but withold your judgment."

He rather overacted his part; a slight color rose to Claire's face.

"It can be of very little importance, Mr. Mordaunt, whether I condemn Mr. Wayre or not. I trust, for Lucy's sake, that your opinion of him may be a correct one."

Mordaunt bowed himself out deferentially, and went for his horse, which he had sent round to the stables.

As he passed through the shrubbery in which Mrs. Burdon's cottage was hidden, he saw the old lady sitting on her usual bench in the sunlight. He was passing on with the nod which Mr. Mordaunt Sapley was in the habit of throwing to his inferiors, when Mrs. Burdon raised her head, and shading her eyes with one hand, beckoned to him with the other.

Mordaunt stopped reluctantly, and regarded her with impatient contempt.

"Have you seen his lordship this morning?" she quavered.

"What does she mean?" Mordaunt asked of the girl in charge of the old woman. "Do you mean Lord Wharton?" he inquired, addressing the old woman and raising his voice. "He's dead—long ago."

"Dead!" quavered Mrs. Burdon, as if appalled. "Not dead?"

"Yes, of course, he's dead!" said Mordaunt.

"It can't be true," she muttered, wringing her hands. "You're deceiving me, Mr. Sapley. I know you! You're young Sapley, from Thraxton, the new agent."

"You take me for my father," said Mordaunt, angrily.

"I know you well enough," she repeated, "and his lordship will rue the day when he put trust in you!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DECORATION DAY.

BY W. M.

Dread war how it rends fair homes and fond hearts
The blast ties of nature so ruthless to sever
At its beck from all dear the brave soldier departs
Perhaps to come back and perhaps to come never.

It gathers the bloom and the pride of the race
No place for the weak, these are cast aside spurning,
While over its deep crimsoned trail we may trace
Pain want fierce distress and love's bosom's sad mourning.

Ah naught but fair peace can halt its careers
Bid an end to the strife, bitter anger dispelling.
With flower heaped hands on that day she appears
All over the land in each woe stricken dwelling.

And no one is repelled for the feeble child may
Have her truest reward sweet approval bestowing
Should it lay a fair bud on the love honored clay
O'er whose bed our affections are glowing.

The sons of the south and the sons of the north
Whose dust is embalmed and enshrouded in glory—
Since both have displayed manly valor and worth
Their brave deeds of right are immortal in story.

Faith's Sacrifice.

BY G. L. D.

"OUR FAITH"—somehow the words haunted me, and I felt a wish to hear something more; I had a conviction that there was more to learn than those two words on the simple marble cross at first indicated.

A combination of business and pleasure had taken me into beautiful wild Cornwall, and a desire to paint a particular view of the sea rocks led my footsteps into the little country churchyard which seemed almost to overhang the sea.

In passing backwards and forwards to the sheltered corner which formed my studio for the time being, I had been struck by those two words, which were engraved in letters of gold upon a pure and spotless marble.

Like the celebrated epitaph in Worcester Cathedral, it seemed to say so much and so little. As I sat in the warm summer sunshine, transferring to the canvas the bold, glorious rocks before me, my thoughts wandered off into vague speculations suggested by those words on the white cross.

Trelone was not a place of note or celebrity—merely a little out-of the way fishing village—if a dozen cottages and one small inn justify me in making use of such a word—round which any one could walk in an hour, and possessing the small picturesque church of which I have spoken, with its green churchyard overhanging the sea.

The only pretensions in the place to a superior class of house was a large rambling kind of building which stood alone away from the cottages, on the rocks, and which I should fancy in wild wintry weather would be rather too near to the

Ever-sounding and mysterious main

to be pleasant as a habitation.

I imagine that I must be rather a speculative turn of mind, for in my ramblings about I find myself constantly dreaming in a vague sort of way of the stories and histories of the different things and places I see. I am an artist by profession, and the wandering, Bohemian life I have led for thirty years has brought me into contact with some strange localities and people.

I was busy painting away, and dreaming as usual, somehow connecting in my mind the white cross on the grave beside me with the large house on the rocks in the distance, when I was startled out of my reverie by some heavy drops of rain falling upon my picture, and, looking up, I saw to my astonishment that the summer sky was clouded over, and a storm evidently brewing all round me. I was not long in collecting my paraphernalia and making the best of my way to the primitive little inn, the pride of Trelone, where I had taken up my temporary abode.

"You have just saved yourself a wetting, Mr. Beauchamp," said mine host, in the broadest Cornish, as I entered. I will not attempt to write this peculiar un-English dialect; and if I were to try to do so I question greatly whether I should be understood.

"Yes, I think I have just got in in time, Dare," I replied, shaking myself like a Newfoundland dog. "An awful storm is coming on," I continued, as a vivid flash of lightning gleamed for an instant over the surging sea.

"Ay, that there is, sir," he assented. "It is going to be tremendous; but it won't last long, Mr. Beauchamp; these summer storms never do; and it's a good thing they don't, for we come in for enough in the winter all along this coast to last us the year round."

"I should imagine so," I said. "I have noticed in the little churchyard on the rocks how many of the head-stones tell their sad story of 'sorrow on the sea.' That reminds me I have also noticed a white cross to 'Our Faith.' Can you tell me anything about it, Dare?"

"Ay, that I could, Mr. Beauchamp; but Tom Hayes can tell it better," he replied. "You see Faith was his girl, in a sort of way, and he knows the ins and outs far better than any of us do. If you would like to hear all about it, sir, I will send and ask him to come over and tell you the story himself."

Of course I said I should be glad if he would do so; and that was the way in which I came to hear one of those "short and simple annals of the poor" which carry their own lesson in every word, and their moral into every heart. I have written down the story as I heard it, only rendering more comprehensible the almost incomprehensible dialect of the old Cornishman. An hour later Dare opened the door of my sitting-room.

"If you please, Mr. Beauchamp," said he, "shall Tom Hayes come in now?"

"Certainly," I replied; and I rose to meet a very weather-beaten old man, in the garb of a Coastguard. I pushed a chair towards him, and after some little general conversation, he told me the following story:—

"You must not expect, Mr. Beauchamp, that I can fill my short history of our girl with big words and high sounding names," he began; "but I will tell it to you as best I can, and will promise you not to take longer over it than I can help.

"It is more than thirty years ago now since I first entered the service, and my wife and I came and settled down at Trelone. It is not much of a place now even, and then it was considerably wilder and less frequented, and a grand nest for smugglers and wreckers, and all sorts of evil-minded men and women. My men and I had stiff work at first with the inhabitants, and it was often a toss up which got the mastery.

"One night—it was in February—for I remember all about it very distinctly, as well as if it had happened yesterday—I called my men together, and we turned out to watch, though I did not think we should be able to make out much, as it was blowing a regular hurricane right on to the rocks facing the sea.

"When we got well on the rocks, we distinctly heard a ship's guns firing right in front; and I knew that if the poor fellows attempted to come nearer shore it would be all up with them, for no timber could hold together against the rocks in such a gale.

"We stood watching her lights as they rose and fell with the motion of the mighty waves; it was all we could do, you see, sir, for it would have been worse than useless to attempt to put out a boat that night.

"I felt that the poor creatures on board were doomed, for in spite of our danger-signal the ship kept nearing the rocks. At last we heard her strike upon them, and the fearful cry that rose amidst the howling of the wind and came to us haunted me for weeks afterwards.

"The morning dawned upon as dismal and awful a scene as it has ever been my lot to witness. The shore was covered with broken planks and spars, and the ghastly faces and torn bodies of men and women were carried up by the surf, and washed on to the shore and rocks. There were some few who were yet alive, and who thanked us afterwards for our care, but most of them were dead, and all we had to do was to see them decently buried in the churchyard.

"Well, Mr. Beauchamp, I was walking along the shore afterwards towards my house, when I heard a sort of moan, and I found a woman lying in a sheltered corner amongst the rocks with a little child clasped in her arms. The woman, poor thing! was dying when I found her. There was a great bruise on her head which showed she had struck against the rocks, or a spar, perhaps in her endeavor to save the child. Anyway she died, and we buried her with the rest of them; but the baby I carried home to my wife, and she nursed it and kept it until it grew as bright as a young lark.

"'Now, Mary, what are we going to fix about the child?' I asked her, when the child had been with us some days.

"'Fix about it?' she said. 'Why, we must keep it, Tom; what could we do with the little thing but keep it?' and she kissed the child's face as it lay smiling on her knee.

"'You will find it more trouble to you that it's worth, girl,' I said. 'You had far better let me take it away in Bayley's cart to the union at Mervyn.'

"'Tom,' she said, putting her arm out and drawing me towards her by the coat, 'let us keep it ourselves. I am often lonely at times, and I get fretting over our own little children that are gone. It would make me so happy to have this child in the house. How do we know, dear, that it has not been sent purposely to us in the place of those we have lost?'

"Well, Mr. Beauchamp, somehow women have a way of getting round one, and the end of it was that we kept the child. It soon made its way into our hearts, for it was as pretty and as winning a little thing as I ever saw, and I should say about fifteen or eighteen months old. My wife called the child Faith, for she said she felt sure that it would bring its own blessing.

"So it did, sir; from the first it seemed to brighten up the old house, and soon, with its childish chatter and merry laughter, there was not a brighter or happier cottage in Trelone. It is astonishing how children resemble sunshine.

"When Faith got to be about four years old or so, it was something wonderful to see the way she would skip like a young goat from rock to rock; it often used to make me turn sick to see how she could climb them. But she was never hurt; her foot was as sure as the gulls themselves.

"As the years passed on the child grew in beauty, until at sixteen she was just as lovely a picture as painter ever drew. Her hair was the color of the sunshine, bright and beautiful as threads of gold, and rippling all over with waves, and her eyes were blue as the skies over foreign seas. It was when Faith was about sixteen years old that the beginning of our trouble seemed to come.

"I dare say, Mr. Beauchamp, you have noticed that big, rambling sort of house up on the rocks overhanging the sea? Well, sir, the building of that house was the commencement of sorrow to my wife and me. We watched its progress, and speculated amongst ourselves about it; for Trelone is not the sort of place that a gentleman would choose to build and reside in from choice we thought. However, we were mistaken; for, when we had seen quantities of costly furniture carried in, a gentleman and lady came and took possession. Somehow it got talked of amongst us that they came from Spain—anyway, they were not English. I do not think it ever struck any of us that the people at the big house kept too many servants; but afterwards it occurred to us when it was too late.

"Mrs Almonte—that was their name, sir—soon began to take notice of Faith. She used to meet her in her walks about Trelone; and no one could pass our child without noticing her strange beauty, and how unlike she seemed to her young associates, the children of the fishermen. So it got on from one thing to another, until at last Faith was almost always with Mrs. Almonte, walking or sailing about with her in one of the loveliest little boats I ever saw.

"The neighbors all thought it was a fine thing for the child to be made so much of, and up so constantly at the big house; but neither my wife nor I thought it good; still, we were too fond of her to cross her more than we could help, and we saw that all the going to the great house, and the presents Mrs. Almonte gave her, could not, and did not spoil her.

"It has always been my opinion that Faith was a real born lady, but I never had any proof to bring forward of it. The little clothes we took off the child, and those of the mother—my wife has them yet, carefully locked up—are costly and fine, different to those worn by common folks, and there was a small chain of gold round the baby's neck, with a star attached, a pretty thing, and not such as are ever worn by poor people. But with all these, sir, we never could trace the friends or relations of the child. Perhaps we are too far from the world on this out-of-the-way coast, or perhaps we did not go to work in the right way.

"As things stood, Faith was a poor man's child, and at best we could only give her poor fare; that was the reason that I did not feel so pleased as the neighbors seemed to think I should do when Mrs. Almonte took to having our child so much up at the big house overhanging the rocks. It does not do poor folks to be lifted out of their station by the wealthy—anyway not for some of them. They have not the sense and education to appreciate it, and it only makes them discontented with the life in which the Almighty has placed them.

"Well, sir, after some time Mrs. Almonte began to come and sit talking to my wife, and then her son, a fine handsome gentleman, used to come in in the evenings, and sit smoking and talking to me, until I used to forget to go my rounds at nights. He would tell me stories of foreign countries, and make me repeat some of the adventures I had had with wreckers and smugglers on our wild, unfrequented coast.

"Then, after some time, Mr. Almonte would ask me to go up to the big house; and I went many evenings, and sat with him in a little room he called his study, talking and smoking, and drinking some of his rare old wines.

"I suppose I was not accustomed to that kind of thing, for generally I used to get drowsy and drop off to sleep, and never open my eyes until morning. When I awoke and went down to the station, I would be sure to hear that the smugglers had run a cargo ashore during the night. This happened every time I went to the big house in the evening, until at last I declined going to Mr. Almonte's any more.

"A day came at last when I got a letter anonymously, which said that there would be a ship laden with costly silks and things of that sort seen sailing outside Trelone on a certain night.

"The letter went on to say, that if they found they could not run ashore there, they meant to sail hither up the coast, to a place called Payne's Creek, and if I wanted to take the gang, it was a splendid chance. It also gave a sort of hint that the governors had got to hear of my having been off guard two or three times at nights, and that this would be a grand opportunity of redeeming my character.

"Of course, I acted immediately upon that letter, and I had everything put into order on board the Revenue cutter, so as to be able to give chase to the foreign clipper. We waited impatiently for the night to come, and when at last it did, and the darkness fell, we could very soon make out the ship coming along close in shore, under the lee of the rocks, as nice and tight a little barque as I ever saw. The night was as dark as pitch—just the sort of night a smuggler delights in. I dare say they trusted to the darkness hiding them, but they had wide-awakes to deal with, and we soon found them out; our glasses showed her to us waiting for the chance of running her cargo. From the looks of the sky, I knew a storm was threatening, and I was particularly anxious to get the smuggler' business over before it burst over us; for our storms here are something terrific.

"As I was leaving the house to go on board the cutter, I called out, 'Mary, if a storm comes, mind you get Jim Baines to fire the beacon on Crabbe Point, or the whole lot of us may be beaten upon the rocks.'

"I heard my wife shout to me that she would not forget it as I passed out into the bleak, dark night.

"I must explain what the Trelone beacon was like, sir, or you may not understand it. It was a large brazier standing high on three legs, which were firmly riveted to the rock on Crabbe Point, which is the highest point overhanging the sea. It had a great lid, which was padlocked down, through which the flames used to shoot up and light the dangerous coast and the only place where a ship could safely run ashore below. There was a high railing round the brazier, made of iron; for we found that some of the worst of the smugglers used to poke out the fire, so that we might not see them. Well after some sheering about, and when the night was well on, the smuggling clipper sailed off towards Payne's Creek, and we gave quick chase. I must tell you, Mr. Beauchamp, that Payne's Creek was a sort of little sheltered cove a good way up the coast; I believe there is some story attached to it from which it took its name. It is about a smuggler named Payne, but I almost forget the tales I have heard of the different places round about.

"The sea was dead against us, and the wind was rising every moment, which made it very difficult for us to keep the clipper in sight, but we managed to do that, although we made small way towards gaining upon her. At last the storm broke over our heads, and it was about as fearful as any I ever happened to be caught in. We thought our little cutter would get pitched upon the rocks, while the thunder kept up such a terrific roar we could hardly hear our own voices.

"In the midst of the storm we saw the clipper steer right out to sea, and so we lost her. We waited about for a long time, just to see whether or not she might have gone off on purpose to mislead us; but no sign of the ship ever came in sight again, and we concluded she had taken her cargo to a less guarded landing-place beyond our beat. That was supposing she escaped being keeled over in the storm, or dashed upon the rocks. Meanwhile, we made the best of our way back to Trelone.

"It is a very dangerous coast, as I think I told you, Mr. Beauchamp; and the only place where a boat can run ashore is just beneath the beacon light on Crabbe Point. We were a long while knocking about before we saw the welcome light blaze up; but after the beacon was lighted, we soon ran ashore through the breakers, and felt glad of the prospect before us of warm fires and dry clothes. After giving my men a few orders, I hurried up the rocks home. My wife met me at the door with a pale, frightened face.

"'Tom,' she said, 'is Faith with you? Did you not meet her?'

"'No,' I said. 'Has she gone up to the big house, Mary? The child is surely never out in a storm like this?'

"'Oh, Tom, she is,' said my wife, breaking down. 'She is out, and she is not at the large house. Jim Baines was out, over at Mervyn, and would not be back until late, and there was no one else to go; so Faith said she would go herself and fire the beacon. She has been gone such a long, weary time,' wailed Mary. 'I seem to feel sure something wrong has happened to her, or she would have been back again before this.'

"Well, Mr. Beauchamp, you may be sure that I was not long in lighting a lantern and making the best of my way over the rocks after Faith. A great fear was upon me that the child had been blown over the rocks in the storm, and my legs shook under me as I hastened towards the blazing beacon. I was not long in climbing Crabbe Point, and when I got to the top of it, there, in the full light of the brazier, lay our child, with her bonnie eyes closed, and perfectly still and white.

"'Oh, my darling!' said I, 'what is it?'

"Though I asked, there was little need of me to do so, for bending over her I saw that blood was flowing from a wound in her side, and I knew there had been foul play.

"I took her up in my arms and carried her home. I laid the child upon our bed, and one of the neighbours went off to Mervyn for a doctor, while Mary and I sat with Faith. Presently she opened her eyes.

"'Father, are you there?' she said, in a low, weak voice. I bent over her, too heartbroken to speak. 'I want to tell you how it was,' she said, "and I know I shall not be able to talk much. They did not want me to fire the beacon; they wanted the cutter to split upon the rocks. But I did not mind their threats, father; I braved them all, and I have saved you.'

"'Who was it fired at you, my darling?' I asked.

"'I do not know,' she said—'one of the smugglers it must have been. They thought I was Jim Baines.

"'And you lighted it, and they shot you!' I cried.

"I saw it all as she spoke, and I laid my head upon the pillow beside her, and cried like a woman.

"'Father,' she said, after a while, in a fainter, weaker voice, 'you saved my life when I was a baby, and now I have saved yours. It has made me very happy indeed.'

"After that she rambled off a deal, and spoke of things that happened when she was quite a wee thing. Suddenly she sat up in bed and smiled at us—such a bright, peaceful smile.

"'Father and mother,' she said, 'kiss me. I think I shall sleep now; I feel very tired.'

"We kissed her, and she sank down, and was soon asleep. Presently the doctor came in, and bent over her, and touched her.

"'Hayes,' he said, gently, 'I can do nothing now; she is beyond the reach of pain and suffering;' and he drew the sheet over her face.

"I need not spin out the rest, Mr. Beauchamp. Our Faith had given her bright and beautiful young life to save an old fellow like me. But it is not for us to choose."

"Well, Hayes," I said, after a pause "did you ever hear anything more of the smugglers?"

"Yes, sir, I did. That foreign brig that we followed up to Payne's creek was nothing but a decoy. While we were beating about in the storm, the smugglers ran ashore a fine cargo of costly silks and things, just under the rocks where the beacon stands. We found out afterwards that the grand Spanish gentleman, Mr. Almonte, was himself the leader of a large gang of smugglers: we took the whole of them nicely one night, and likewise took possession of the big house on the rocks."

"Did you ever find out who fired the shot, Hayes?" I asked.

"No, sir, never," he replied.

After some more chatting upon various subjects, Hayes left me alone, and there and then, during my meditations upon the story I had just heard, it entered into my head to make it a subject for a picture I wished to begin.

I lived with my mother in a small country village in the North, and after I got home many things occurred which prevented my commencing my picture at once, as I intended. When at last I did so, I got more and more interested in working out the idea which had taken possession of my mind during the last few days of my stay at Trelone.

* * * * * *

The year after I was down at Trelone I sent my picture to the Royal Academy. Amidst dark and projecting rocks I had represented a small boat stealing in with the cargo of contraband goods and a wild and lawless crew, while over them a great beacon blazed, and threw its lurid light upon the face of a beautiful girl standing on the rocks, in the picturesque costume of a fisherman's child.

One day I was standing in the Academy admiring a picture that had been hung up next to mine, when a voice behind me exclaimed, "Murielle, child, what picture is that? I cannot read this small print."

"It is 'A Scene at Harvest Time,' papa, dear," a girl's voice replied, in the sweetest foreign accent I had ever heard.

"Nothing of the kind, Murielle," said her father. "I do not mean that yellow daub; I mean the picture above—that girl on the rocks. It is the strangest likeness I ever saw," he muttered in a lower tone.

"That one, papa?" said his daughter. "Let me see—— No. 51; it is called 'Our Faith.' What a strange title for a picture, is it not?"

"Very," I heard the old gentleman reply. I turned round a moment afterwards, and saw a young girl not more than eighteen, with her face—one of the most perfect I had ever seen—raised to look at my picture.

"Excuse me, sir, can you tell me the name of the artist who executed that picture?" the gentleman asked me, as I was moving away. He was a fine handsome man—of about sixty, I should say—with a decidedly military air.

I raised my hat.

"The artist's name is Charles Beauchamp," I said, pausing a moment.

"Do you know him? Can you tell me anything about him? Could I find him?" he continued, speaking evidently under some excitement.

"It is my picture," I replied; "I am Charles Beauchamp."

"The deuce you are!" he exclaimed, in great surprise. "Well, Mr. Beauchamp, I cannot talk to you here. My carriage is at the door; will you accept a seat and dine with me? I must hear something of that face, for it is a very remarkable one, and it has awakened the saddest memory of my life. But first let me introduce myself," and taking a card from his pocket, he handed it to me. "This," he continued, turning to the young lady, "is my daughter, Miss Bamfyeld."

I glanced at the card I held—"Colonel Bamfyeld, 19th Dragoons."

"I shall be very happy to tell you the origin and history of my picture, Colonel Bamfyeld," I said.

"Then come now, if you do not mind," he returned, and thereupon he made the best of his way through the crowd, leaving his daughter and me to follow.

"Do you reside in town, Mr. Beauchamp?" the Colonel asked, when we had entered the carriage.

"No, in the North," I replied; "I only came up to see my picture hung, and to visit a few of my friends."

"Here we are," said the Colonel, presently, as we stopped before a handsome house in the neighborhood of Hyde Park.

Half an hour afterwards I felt thoroughly at home with Colonel Bamfyeld and his daughter. We were sitting in a large, handsome library when Miss Bamfyeld said—

"Mr. Beauchamp, I know papa is longing to hear the story of your picture; will you not tell it to us now?"

I commenced to tell the story as I had heard it from Tom Hayes; but when I got to the account of the shipwreck in the storm, Colonel Bamfyeld stopped me.

"The name of the vessel?" he asked eagerly.

"Can you tell it to me?"

"I think it was The Western Star, or The Star of the West," I replied.

"The very same," he said, with a quivering voice, interrupting me. "Mr. Beauchamp, nearly seventeen years ago my wife and child embarked on board The Star of the West, from India; the ship was wrecked, and all lost: we received news of it shortly afterwards. It is, of course, only a coincidence; but do you know that the face of that girl in your picture is the very image of my lost wife!"

I then told them of the dying woman and child, of Hayes' adoption of the latter, of her noble sacrifice and death. Colonel Bamfyeld and his daughter hung upon every word, and the only interruption I had was a smothered sob occasionally from Murielle.

"Then the reports were not correct, Mr. Beauchamp? They said every passenger was lost; only a few—two or three—of the seamen saved themselves by swimming ashore. They never mentioned a child, or I should have made instant inquiries," said the Colonel.

"I do not suppose that anyone out of Trelone knew that the baby was saved," I replied; "and afterwards Hayes and his wife grew too fond of her to trouble the world with inquiries. They have some things yet belonging to the child and her mother—the clothes they wore at the time of the wreck, and a small gold chain and star, which they found round the baby's neck."

"Mr. Beauchamp," said the Colonel, "would you object to accompanying my daughter and me to-morrow to the scene of the wreck of 'The Star of the West?'"

"Certainly not," I replied. "I will do anything I can to help you."

So it happened that my second journey to Trelone was arranged for me without much trouble on my part.

After dinner Murielle sang to me, and her voice, with her pretty foreign accent, was like herself—beautiful. I found out in the course of conversation that she had been born at Madrid, and that she had been left there in the charge of an aunt, while her mother and her twin sister joined the Colonel in India.

The next day we took our southern journey—the Colonel, Murielle, and myself; and it was proved but too sadly that the little waif of the wreck was Murielle's sister.

"See here, Beauchamp," said the colonel, turning to me, with the chain and star of gold in his hand. He touched a spring, and the back of the star flew open, disclosing a picture of himself—of course much younger—and a sweet, lovely woman's face, the counterpart, only older, of the one I had painted in my picture. "I have seen it on my wife's neck a hundred times," he said. His eyes filled with tears, and his voice trembled as he turned away.

"Mr. Beauchamp," whispered Hayes, a few days afterwards, as we were all starting back to the town, Hayes and his wife accompanying us, "did I not tell you, sir, that our Faith was a lady born? If she had but been spared to see this day!"

"Perhaps she does see it, Hayes," I replied; "and if she does, how happy she will feel to see that you and Mary will be cared for and watched over by the colonel and her sister all the rest of your lives! As you once said to me, the good that we do often follows us."

My picture was soon removed from the Academy to the Colonel's house, with whom, I am proud to say, the artist soon became first favorite. Indeed, so much did he think of me, that twelve months afterwards he placed the small white hand of his only child in mine, and "for better, for worse," she became my own Murielle.

Few things are instrinsically so stimulating and gladdening as to know ourselves master of our work—to feel that we are succeeding and not failing, improving and not retrograding. It matters not what the work is, if only adapted to our capabilities; the most ordinary as well as the most intricate has in it this source of pleasure.

Scientific and Useful.

MAGNETS.—A horseshoe magnet will lift a load three or four times as great as a bar magnet of the same weight will lift.

CONDUCTORS.—Flames and currents of very hot air are good conductors of electricity. An electrified body, placed near a flame, soon loses its charge.

PLUMBAGO.—Plumbago rather thinly brushed over the face of a medal or other metallic object—an electrotype copy of which is desired in intaglio—will prevent the copper or other metal electrically deposited from adhering.

GUTTA PERCHA.—Gutta-percha heated in hot water to about 100 degrees Fahrenheit becomes plastic and will take a fine impression with light pressure. When gutta-percha is soaked for hours in benzole or naphtha it becomes swollen, and, if it is then dipped in hot water, it becomes so plastic that it may be used with safety on very fragile and delicate objects. It is specially adapted to electrotyping.

SPEED.—A New Haven man has patented a device which will show at a glance, by the motorman of an electric car, the speed at which he is running. The object of the inventor is to provide a device by which street railroad companies may be protected from violations of ordinances regulating speed. When the car reaches the maximum, for which the device is set, an alarm bell is rung.

PULP.—The worth and value of paper pulp is not generally known. If it is mixed with plaster of Paris, Portland cement, or glue, it forms a paste that will stop cracks in wood or metal more effectually than anything else. It must always be kept in a bottle, closely stoppered, to prevent its moisture evaporating. When it is needed for use, it should be made of the consistency of gruel by the addition of hot water, then, if plaster of Paris be added, it becomes pasty in consistence. This applied to a leak in a water or gas pipe has an instant effect, mixed with fine sawdust and boiled for several hours, it makes a splendid filling for cracks in the boards of floors. It should be laid in the crack and left until almost dry, then covered with paraffin and smoothed down with a hot iron.

Farm and Garden.

PARIS GREEN.—One of the best modes of using Paris green in the dry form is with flour, as it sticks better, and is not easily washed off by a light rain. It is best to pick off the beetles that come early, if possible, applying Paris green only when it becomes necessary.

FERTILIZERS.—Farmers buy fertilizers for nearly all the crops grown on the farm except fruit. It is as important to feed the orchard as it is to do so for grain crops. When a tree produces a large crop of fruit it performs a heavy work, and it must also, every year, grow new wood and leaves.

SHELTER.—The Kansas experiment station has been experimenting with hogs sheltered and without shelter. The sheltered hogs made a gain of one pound of flesh for every five pounds of corn fed, but the unsheltered hogs made no gain at all. The station also refers to the necessity of having shelter in summer, as the animals suffer as well from too much heat as from too much cold.

GRASS LANDS.—Almost anything spread thinly over grass lands will help them. Even material not very rich and which itself will not grow a good crop will make the grass grow better, because it acts as a mulch for the grass roots beneath. The washings of poor uplands will fertilize the richer soil of the valleys below. But except where top dressing can be thus done naturally by irrigation it will not pay to topdress with poor material.

ORCHARDS.—Orchardists should make themselves familiar with the more important common insects. Farmers should be on the alert for new insects in their orchards and if they do not know them it is an easy matter to send them to the entomologists of the experiment stations for information regarding their habits and injurious proclivities. An ounce of preventive is better than a pound of uncertain cure.

MANY HUNDRED "Cough Remedies" have been introduced to the public during the past half century, and have been lost sight of. Dr. D Jayne's Expectorant on the contrary, introduced over sixty years, is to-day in the very front rank of family Medicines. The best family Pill, Jayne's Painless Sugar-Coated Sanative.

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Measuring Others.

Solomon repeatedly reprobates false weights in many different forms of expression, applying to nearly every species of dishonest measure; but there is one kind—and that a very mischievous one—of faulty calculation in this respect, which seems to have escaped the notice or animadversion of the wise king. We allude to the very unfair though extremely common habit amongst us of measuring our neighbors' corn by our own bushel. We shall perhaps be better understood by illustrating with a few particular instances the practice to which we allude.

The first and most important of these is that of measuring other persons' characters by our own bushel. Every person is constituted as differently in mental as in physical formation, in virtues, faults and talents; and it has often, and with reason, been asserted, that no two persons can have entire and complete sympathy with each other, however well suited their habits of mind, however strong may be their affection for each other.

The man of calm temperament makes small allowance for the excitable irritability of his more warmly constituted neighbor, while the quickly-feeling, impulsive individual in question, cannot see without impatient annoyance the slowly moving and imperturbably composed conduct and demeanor of his friend.

Want of sympathy thus often ends in positive coolness or uncomfortable feeling, from the illiberal custom of measuring other persons' failings by our own bushel. Before leaving this part of the subject, we cannot help adverting to a most serious phase of it, and that is, where actual and serious lapses from virtue and morality are concerned. Then, while we estimate as it deserves the sin, let us not measure the temptation to it by our own bushel, but believe, in all charity, that it may have been far greater than any we have, or are likely to experience.

Where talents and special acquirements are concerned, the same habit is often to be observed. Accomplishments are pooh-poohed by those who have not the inclination, the talent, or the opportunity to acquire them, and are measured as a sad waste of time, most useless affairs; while the brilliantly gifted individual who has devoted time and ability to the showy and graceful acquirements in question does scant justice to the well-informed or useful acquaintance, who is deficient in these respects, however superior he may be in sound learning and in the quiet, unobtrusive powers which are as necessary to domestic welfare and happiness as accomplishments are conducive to its amusement and gratification. The talent and industry shown in both cases are wrongly and lightly estimated, because measured in our own bushel, which happened to be of a different form from our neighbor's, and has therefore given a different result.

Another phase of this propensity is the very common one of measuring other persons' tastes by our bushel, a habit which is carried by many, perhaps most of us, to an almost amusing extent. One would really think that persons were created with precisely the same likes and dislikes, the same liability to discomfort or gratification from the same circumstances, the same power to derive enjoyment, or feel weariness and ennui from precisely the same sources, to judge from the astonishment which is felt by truly excellent persons when they see others show preferences, or aversions, different to their own.

They cannot understand how their friends "can possibly like such an employ," or "amusement," or "book," or "person," or "scenery," or "residence," as the case may be. "For their part, they never did see anything to admire in it; in fact, no one of common sense could possibly find any pleasure in it."

And, unluckily, not content with being puzzled, they are positively indignant, or to say the least, annoyed with their difference in taste, and either set it down as "perversity," or else a very serious and lamentable deficiency in their friend's idiosyncracy; and all because they will persist in measuring others' pleasures and tastes by their own bushel, and sitting in judgment on them accordingly. Even in the matter of the tastes of the table this is shown in a laughable degree.

We come now to the more serious want of charity, which is in this way shown to the conduct of others, when it does not exactly meet our own views, and fill our own bushel as we deem right. Too often do we both hear and speak very decided opinions as to the propriety or expediency of our friends' arrangements, although it is next to impossible for us to be in possession of all the motives and circumstances which govern them, and which render their conduct prudent and wise, or at least furnish ample excuse for apparent error in judgment.

There may be perfect justice and good sense in the remarks that are thus made, and even an honest regret that the individual under review should make such mistakes in their arrangements; and yet the censured person may be perfectly right in his peculiar circumstances, even though acting in precise contradiction to the ideas of his friend, simply because all kinds of grain should not be measured in one bushel, any more than the same medicine should be given in every disease.

There is, in truth, more egotism, vanity, and self-conceit at the bottom of the mischief than genuine zeal for truth, or anxiety for the welfare of others. We are piqued at their dissonance from ourselves; we feel very sure we are right, and we are irritated and vexed at their blindness and perversity in following contrary ideas.

A little love of interfering and meddling with other persons' concerns will often tend to promote this habit, and it is on this account that persons of cold, phlegmatic, let-alone temperaments, are often easier to live with, and less irritating to the temper, than those warmer, more kindly beings who, partly from honest zeal, partly from restlessness of mind, concern themselves too much with their neighbors' corn, and take the needless trouble of measuring it for them. But it is not necessary to be indifferent to the well-being and happiness of others in order to abstain from this uncharitable and unpleasant habit.

True affection for friends, real kindly good-will to acquaintances, will be best shown in that amiable faculty of realizing their respective positions, or in imagining they may be different from our own in their requirements, and in a desire that they should be happy in their own way, unless that way be so pernicious as to need a serious remonstrance or else a direct infringement on the comfort of others.

In this, as in all other respects, the golden rule, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you," will guide us aright; and if we have but the grace of true humility, instead of wishing to measure others by our own bushel, we shall only desire that our own short-comings should not be tested by the larger measure of the bushels of those superior to ourselves.

A MAN diseased in body can have little joy of his wealth, be it ever so much; a golden crown cannot cure the headache, nor a velvet slipper give ease to the gout, nor a purple robe fray away a burning fever; a sick man is alike sick wherever you lay him—on a bed of gold, or on a pad of straw; with a silk quilt or a sorry rag on him; so no more can riches, gold, or silver, land, and livings, had a man ever so much, minister unto him much joy, yea, or any true joy at all, where the mind is distract and discontent. Without contentment there is no joy of aught, there is no profit, no pleasure in anything.

IT is alike dishonest and disgraceful to contract unnecessary debt without the means of discharging it. Friendly cordiality should be extended to the man who chooses to eat plain food, to wear a coarse garb, and to live in a humble home that is truly his own, because honestly paid for, rather than to him who lives softly and delicately and is surrounded by beauty and art, while he postpones his payments, eludes his debts, and lives, a servile dependent on charity, or the indulgence or patience of his creditors.

THERE is something even better than success within the reach of each of us, and that is the consciousness of having manfully striven, in spite of untoward circumstances, faithfully and cheerfully to do our duty in that state of life in which a merciful Providence has cast our lot. This involves patience and endurance, courage and forbearance, and affords numberless opportunities for the exercise of true heroism.

ALL admit that a miser is not right to hoard his gold in a box when he might so invest it as to add to the welfare of multitudes. But every one does the same thing practically who holds in his own possession anything from which he cannot or does not extract the value, thereby rendering it useless.

ENVY is the most inexcusable of all passions. Every other sin has some pleasure annexed to it, or will admit of an excuse; envy alone wants both. Other sins last but for a while; the appetite may be satisfied; anger remits; hatred has an end; but envy never ceases.

CHARITY should be done wisely and judiciously, not taken up as a mere passing craze and fashion, to be worn and laid aside, after being displayed to the eyes of the world, as one lays aside last year's bonnet and gown as being no longer "the thing."

To suffer in patience the crosses which we cannot understand, the thwartings which seem to have no end or aim, the humiliations that seem but to break and scatter the spiritual mood of the soul—to thus endure is to offer the best the soul can give.

IT has been said that the three sweetest words in the English language are—happiness, home, and heaven. About these cling the most touching associations, and with them are connected the sublimest aspirations.

NOT the science of morality, but the art and the practice of it, may fairly claim the careful attention of every conscientious teacher.

THE light of friendship is like the light of phosphorus—seen plainest when all around is dark.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

J. M.—Lincoln's proclamation abolishing slavery was issued the 1st of January, 1863.

MRS. A. M. R.—You can get an account of the battle from any history of the civil war of which there are many published. Write to Porter & Co., Publishers, Phila., Pa.

BERT.—The habit of reading literary criticism, we take it, is good when kept within measure. It is always interesting to know what people think of new books. But it is as fatal as it is common. People who have an opportunity of glancing through three or four daily newspapers and as many literary chit-chat without being readers at all. What value can an opinion of a book hashed up from reviews have? Yet one is constantly confronted with such opinions. The chief value of reviews, to a lover of books, is to act as a sign-post to the works worth reading. If the review becomes a substitute for the reading, it has done harm.

CHESTER.—Excess in coffee drinking shows its evil effects in irritability of the nerves and loss of temper, thus the intemperate use of this most excellent beverage is to be avoided. The French physicians have found that ill-temper and hysterical outbursts of emotion affecting an entire family, even including the servants, were directly attributable to the fact that the family was engaged in grinding and putting up coffee, and that they lived in an atmosphere surcharged with its fumes. The results were so disastrous to the peace of the home that physicians were called in, and investigation showed that the results came from the excessive use of coffee. Tea, also, would produce much the same effect, if used in excess, as the active principle is chemically, and in its effect, almost identical with that of coffee.

C. T. B.—The manner of making an Æolian harp is as follows:—Of very thin cedar, pine, or other soft wood, make a box five or six inches deep, seven or eight inches wide, and of a length just equal to the width of the window in which it is to be placed. Across the top, near each end, glue a strip of wood one half and inch high and one-fourth an inch thick, for bridges. Into the ends of the box insert wooden pins, like those of a violin, to wind the strings around—two pins in each end. Make a sound hole in the middle of the top, and string the box with small catgut or fine violin-strings, fastening one end of each to the wooden pins spoken of above, carrying them over to the opposite side, and securing them in a like manner. In order to strengthen the ends of the box where the pins enter, glue a piece of wood in the inside. Tune the strings in harmony, and place the box in the window. It is best to have four strings, but a harp with a single string is said to produce an exceedingly sweet melody of notes, which vary with the force of the wind.

STRUGGLER.—Blushing is a nervous affection pure and simple, and, if you have been free from it until lately, it behooves you to think what you have been doing that has upset your nervous system. A large number of affections of this class cannot be treated specifically. All that can be done is to cultivate a general state of robust health, and then the symptoms disappear. A perfectly healthy man has not the self-consciousness that shows itself in this physical flush. You must not expect to find a sudden remedy for nervous disorders. They are dispelled only by increasing strength. Certainly we think it is unwise of you to "smoke a good deal." There can be no doubt about the effect of nicotine upon the nervous system. Five smokers out of six who have not reached the stage when the smoker ceases to be an observer of his own habit, will tell you that tobacco, taken to excess, has a marked effect upon the nervous system. It is only by good living, plentiful exercise, rational companionship, and by ceasing from the habit of introspection, that you will become a robust, self-possessed man. If you choose to torture yourself to death by endless thinking about yourself, nobody can prevent it. Look at the big world and and rejoice, and leave your paltry self to slumber.

E. S. D.—Navigators', or Samoan Islands, are the two names given to a group of nine islands, with some islets, lying in the Pacific Ocean, north of the Friendly Islands. The four principal members of this group are Manua, Tutuila, Upolu, and Savaii. The latter, 40 miles in length and 20 miles broad, is the largest. With one exception (Rose Island) they are all volcanic in orgin, and for the most part are rugged and lofty, rising in some cases to an elevation of 2,500 feet, and covered with the richest vegetation. The soil is very rich and climate moist. Thick forests of bread-fruit, cocoanut, banana and palm-trees abound, and the orange, lemon, taeca (from which a kind of sago is made), coffee, sweet-potatoes, pine-apples, yams, nutmegs, wild sugar-cane and many other important plants grow luxuriantly. Pigs, cows, and horses were introduced into these islands at a comparatively recent date. The natives are well formed (especially the males), ingenious, intelligent and affectionate, and the majority of them have embraced Christianity. To escape anarchy, the chiefs have repeatedly petitioned to be taken under the protectorate of Great Britian or the United States; and in 1878 a commercial treaty was concluded with the latter government. The following year a treaty granted to Germany the rights of the most favored nation and conceded a port for the use of the German navy, a similar treaty being concluded with England later in the same year.

LOVE AND THE ROSES!

BY E. O.

Young Love along a garden fair
  Passed on with haughty tread,
And to the blushing roses there
  In tones disdainful said:
"Poor flowers, tho' passing sweet you be,
  Full soon you all decay,
Whilst I from such a fate am free,
  And live in hearts alway!"

At noon there paused a maiden sweet
  Before the roses red,
And all the words she could repeat
  Were, "Love, alas! is dead!
Methought that it within my heart
  Would live until the last,
But it has chosen to depart,
  And hope for me is past!"

At eve young Love, with downcast eyes,
  That garden roamed along,
And echoed were his bitter sighs
  Amid the rosy throng!
"Ah, Love," they cried, "your boast was vain;
  With hope poor hearts you fill,
Then die therein, and leave but pain,
  Whilst we are blooming still!"

The Crew Complete.

BY H. A. H.

ON a bright summer day in the year of grace sixteen hundred and sixty two the Reverend Richard Waddilove, A. M., Vicar of Bridlington Keye, was enjoying his mid-day meal, when his serving-girl brought him word that Reuben Oram wished to speak with him.

"Bid him come in, Letty," said the worthy clergyman, who was busily engaged with the breast of a chicken, provided by some thoughtful parishioner.

"Your pardon, Parson," said the newcomer, hesitating on the threshold.

"Come in, Reuben, come in. The clergy need to eat and drink as well as the laity—and I for one don't attempt to disguise it."

The Vicar's heavy paunch and ruddy nose bore evidence to the truth of his assertion.

"Take a seat, Reuben," the clergyman went on. "They tell me you have been across to the Low Countries. How did you find the Hollanders? Are they rearing a second Van Tromp to sweep us off the seas?"

As there was no answer, the Vicar put down the tankard he was raising to his lips and looked at his visitor. Only then did he note his troubled appearance.

In the past Oram had been as cheery and hearty in his manner as his fellows, but now he sat with care and anxiety written on every feature, and nervousness in each movement.

"What ails you, Reuben?" asked the Vicar kindly. "Are you in trouble?"

But the sailor sat there twirling his cap and shuffling his feet. His lips moved, but no words came.

"Tut, tut, man. Tell me all about it. Is the wife ill, or the bairns?"

"No, your worship. Would to God it were no worse than that."

"I am not married myself, Reuben Oram," said the clergyman gravely, "but your words sound somewhat unkindly."

"Parson," cried Oram, springing to his feet and walking to and fro like a caged animal—"Parson, I don't know what I am saying. I don't know what I am doing. All I know is that I am damned—damned till the Day of Judgment, and after maybe."

Parson Waddilove rose in his turn to his feet. He put his hands on the shoulders of the other and looked quietly into his face. There was a great pity in his little ferret eyes.

"Sit down, Reuben. Damned most of us deserve to be, but God is merciful unto all men. Your sin must be great indeed if He cannot pardon you. What have you done?"

"Nothing that could deserve punishment such as mine. Parson, is there no hope for me?"

"Surely, lad, there is hope for the worst of us. But tell me what troubles you, and it may be that I can ease your mind."

"Would that were possible, sir! But listen, and you may judge."

"One minute, lad. October ale hath many uses. At a pinch it is of service as a poultice; but when a man has a tale to tell its value increases ten-fold. Drink, man," and Parson Waddilove reached him the tankard he himself had intended to drain.

Oram took a long pull, and then with firmer voice began:—

"It all happened long ago, Parson—fifteen years ago at least—five before I settled here. It was my last long voyage. Vanderdecken was owner and skipper. Wind and weather were with us. We had a quick run out to the eastern seas, and for once in a way the captain seemed passably well pleased with things.

"The cargo was bartered to some advantage, and we were returning with a rich store of elephant's teeth, camphor, gum, and wax; and it was said the heavy cases in the supercargo's cabin held gold. But from the day we left Java, homeward bound, everything went wrong, and the skipper's temper tallied with our luck.

"Four whole weeks we lay becalmed, and when the wind did come it either came in squalls or blew from the wrong quarter. We held on the best we could till Madagascar was sighted, and then we ran into a couple of pirates, who shot our masts down and bored holes in us from bow to stern.

"We careened at Table Bay, and put to sea once more with a ship and a skipper the worse for wear. Next day we lay becalmed off the coast, and three greasy Hottentot lighters put off in a jig-dot to barter some skins with us. They were down below when the breeze freshened, and out of pure devilment the skipper plied them with drink, and carried them and their craft to sea with us.

"When they came too, they found themselves in irons. They nearly went mad; and that night one of them managed to get free, and was found trying to lower their cockle shell.

"The captain was on deck at the time or no one would have stopped him. As it was, the whole three of them, bound hand and foot, were put in the boat and dropped astern. Then Vanderdecken went aft and fired at them with his carbine and pistols. Each time he shot he hit a helpless victim; and he fired five times before that boat with its cargo of horrors drifted away into the darkness."

Parson Waddilove gave a gasp of horror.

"And you called yourselves men and allowed this infamy to happen!"

"A skipper does as he likes on his own ship, sir," said Oram doggedly. "Brands did tell him what the rest of us only dared think and the next day he was keelhauled for mutiny. We all gave the captain a wide berth, but few of us escaped his heavy hand, and never a week passed without one or another of us feeling the irons or the cat.

"Off the Azores we sprung a leak. The cargo—even the coffers of gold—had to go overboard, and then the pumps only just managed to keep the ship afloat. It was with a mutinous crew, a rotten ship, and the temper of a fool that Vanderdecken entered the port of Amsterdam, and when we were safely moored off the Waser Keye there was not one of us but swore he would see the skipper at Davy Jones before he would sail with him again."

"I should think so indeed," cried the Parson. "Wild beasts were the fit companions of such a monster."

"And yet, sir, when he was ready for his next voyage six of us went back on our oath. He had always had an evil reputation, and the report of his last devilries had increased it, and he couldn't make up a crew without us.

"He offered us, his old hands, double wage and money down before we sailed, and for the sake of the gold we took our kits into his fo'c'sle—Heckhausen, Bergh, Janson, Krantz, Hans Biebrich and myself.

"We soon found out our mistake. As the skipper had paid us double wages he thought he had the right to treat us doubly ill, and nothing we did found favor with him. He came across Heckhausen staggering forrard to his bunk after a dirty night's watch in the Channel, and told him he was drunk. Heckhausen gave him the lie, and had his head broken in with Vanderdecken's speaking-trumpet.

"He made me, master gunner though I was, clean every blessed weapon on board as they never had been cleaned before. The nine-pounders, the cohorns and patteraroes, every popgun on board was overhauled as if we were going to tackle the whole Spanish fleet, and the skipper stood over me blasting me for a lazy landlubber the while.

"Janson had too much schnapps one day—there was no doubt about that—but he got three dozen with the cat for it. Sooner than finish the voyage with that hellhound—begging your worship's pardon—the six of us deserted when the ship ran into Lisbon river, and Vanderdecken sailed without us.

"Your worship knows the story of that last voyage of his—how the ship was beaten back again and again; how the captain heaved the pilot overboard in a fit of blind passion; how in his blasphemy he swore by the sacred cross that he would double the Cape, though he had to sail till the last day to do it; how God doomed him to fulfil his vow; and how, as a spectre ship, the vessel is still seen carrying out the decree of the Almighty, while the vessel that sees her battling against the adverse winds and weather with which she is eternally surrounded is herself doomed to destruction."

The clergyman nodded.

"Yes, I have heard the story of the Flying Dutchman."

"Then perhaps your worship can tell me why God should punish an innocent crew for the skipper's faults? He damned them both equally, and to a plain sailor like myself it doesn't seem right."

"It is simply a sailor's yarn, Reuben. The whole story is a mere legend—a myth."

"There, by your leave, sir, you are wrong. But we'll come back to that. Well, we did not hang together long when we deserted, and after some years of wandering up and down, I came over here, herring-fishing with Hans Beibrich, when I chanced to meet my Sally, as bonny a lass as I had ever clapped eyes on. We agreed to hitch up together, and as you know, Parson, I married and settled here, and have lived an honest life, at peace with my neighbors, and I hope with God."

"Yes, Reuben," said the clergyman, "I know nothing to your detriment, and I have even pointed you out as a model for others to imitate."

"God forbid, sir, any man should wish to live my life. Well, Parson, so I lived, happy and contented, until a month or so ago, when I took the opportunity of running over to Amsterdam, with a fleet of returning schuyts, to see how it fared with old shipmates there. I found Hans, but he was in great distress. He was expecting a letter."

"Who from?"

"From the skipper—Vanderdecken."

"But according to you, Vanderdecken exists no longer in the flesh."

"That is so, sir, and that is why the letter troubled Hans. It was a summons he expected, and it would have to be obeyed."

"But why? Spirits cannot compel attendance, can they?" said the Parson lightly.

Oram shook his head.

"There were four deserters besides Hans and myself, and he told me that Heckhausen, Bergh, Janson, and Krantz had each received the summons in their turn, and had died mysteriously soon afterwards. Biebrich was expecting his summons when I left him."

"Tut, tut, man," said the other. "He and his mates were no doubt overwrought by the thought of Vanderdecken and his supposed fate. If the others have met with sudden and even mysterious deaths it is a coincidence only, and in no way to be connected with your captain."

"There was the summons, sir—a written summons to each man."

Parson Waddilove laughed.

"Reuben Oram, I gave you credit for more sense. It's astonishing what you sailors will believe. Just look the facts calmly in the face and see what grounds you have for crediting this foolish story.

"After you deserted, Vanderdecken proceeded on his course, and the ship was probably lost off the Cape. The captain would have to answer the Almighty in another world for his wicked deeds. What evidence have you that his vessel was ever seen as a spectre ship? You as a sailor know of what are called mirages—optical delusions whereby objects at a far distance are sometimes apparent near at hand.

"What is there to prevent the appearance in the southern seas of a mirage of some vessel—not unlike Vandendecken's—surrounded by stormy seas, and maybe buffeted by adverse winds? Having heard of the legend of the spectre ship, the crew at once conclude they have indeed seen that vessel, and should ill-fortune meet them afterwards, they readily ascribe their trouble to it.

"Come, Reuben, you must admit that this is reasonable. The heretics are ready and even wishful to believe in these tales of marvel. Cannot we of the true Church teach them a lesson, and refuse to accept their childish legends?"

"But what of the written summons, sir?"

"What of it, indeed? Your mates were, like yourself, much influenced by their connection with Vanderdecken and on the look out for further supernatural events. Any ill-natured wag might play on their feelings and if some one chose to perpetrate this sorry joke, they would readily believe it to be a letter from the ill-fated captain himself.

"Much brooding over it might well hasten their end, as it may do yours. Why even now you told me that Reibrich was expecting the summons when you left. That proves my words. He doesn't even wait for its coming. He anticipates it. Small wonder if some wag should take advantage of his weakness—no doubt well known."

Oram listened attentively to the clergyman as he spoke.

"I wish I could believe it so, sir," he said, "for what you say sounds indeed reasonable enough; but I cannot, I cannot. Parson, I am in earnest. Am I a man likely to be frightened by some old woman's tale? There is in my heart that which tells me it is all true, and that my summons will come in its turn, maybe before Hans gets his.

"Only one thing can I do that may avert it. I spent every guilder of Vanderdecken's gold before I knew of the curse that might attach to it, and as I received it for services I did not render, I ought not to have touched it. But I can make restitution. See, sir, here is the amount in full—Something over maybe.

"It was put by for the wife in case anything should happen to me, but if it saves her husband's soul she would not think it misspent. Take it, sir. Give it to the service of God, and I may yet be saved."

The Parson looked longingly at the glittering heap of silver and gold. The church bell, long cracked, and now broken and useless; the pulpit was shaky in foundations; the church roof leaked; windows were broken beyond patching, and the poor were ever at his doors. Yet he dared not, without authority, take the money for these purposes.

"I will refer the matter to his Grace the Archbishop," said he with a sigh, for he much feared the needs of the diocese would prove greater than those of the parish; "but you may rely upon it, Reuben, that the money will indeed be devoted to a spectre captain, you need fear no molestation from him."

Oram seemed greatly relieved, and the clergyman did his best to deepen the impression he had made.

"Now, Reuben," said he, "bury your past. Lose yourself in gratitude to God that you are well and strong, blessed with a good wife and bonny children. Work for them and think of them, and banish for ever all thoughts of spectre ships and spectre captains, and all will yet go well with you."

Oram took the clergyman's proffered hand respectfully, thanked him, for his consolation, and returned home with a lighter heart that he had known for many a long day.

"A strange tale," Parson Waddilove muttered as he gathered the coins and deposited them in an old teapot on his top shelf. "A strange tale indeed. I like it not. Such things have been."

* * * * * *

Some two months after the above, Reuben Oram returned home one evening after a hard day's toil. Fish had been plentiful of late: rarely he cast anchor but his coble was filled to the thwarts with codling, whiting, or other spoil, and he now knew that, despite his donation to the Vicar, he had laid by enough to see him through the winter months.

An enterprising tradesman had recently set up a shop in the village, and Oram had had one or two long consultations with him. To-day he stopped inside again, and when he left the shop his pockets bulged out suspiciously.

The children met him at the gate of his few yards of garden, for they had been on the watch for him, and his wife greeted him on the doorstep. No sooner inside than, with great importance, Reuben produced a little packet.

"Lass, this is for you," he said to his wife. "It's no great thing, but I have thought for a long time past you sadly needed something like it."

Mistress Oram gave her man a hearty kiss before she opened it.

"It's downright good of you, Reuben, to have thought of me. Well, I do declare—a brooch that looks like real gold, and glass the image of diamonds! I shall look grand in it, Reuben, on Sundays. And won't Mary Proctor envy me! Here's another kiss, lad."

The children gathered round the trinket, and eyed it with awe. The glass flashed bravely in the light, and the metal shone with fine determination to ape its betters.

"And now, lassie, what's in this parcel, I wonder?" said Oram, producing a larger and bulkier package.

The little mite seized it eagerly, and

with hands trembling with excitement untied the string and unwrapped the paper.

"A doll! a doll, mother! Isn't she a beauty—and look at her hair—and look at her hair—and hasn't she rosy cheeks!" and the child took it in her arms and cried over it with delight.

"I wonder if there's anything for Tom," said the father when he had taken his fill of his bairn's joy; "I wonder now," and he dived into various pockets with a fine pretence of search.

The lad was all aglow with excitement, when the parcel at length came to light and the paper was unwrapped and a glorious cockle boat, painted in brilliant hues, was disclosed to view, he gave vent to his unbounded satisfaction.

"And now, lad," said Mistress Oram, beaming with importance, "presents all around to-day. I've got something for you. Not that I bought it, but it came, and I've the giving of it. See here," and she produced something from under the table-cloth. "A letter," she said, "from Lunnon."

Letters were few and far between in those days, and this was the first which had ever reached this humble household.

"A letter—for me?" said Oram in a strange, harsh voice.

"Yes, it's been waiting at York this past week. Cockles the carrier brought it to-day, and there's a whole shilling to pay on it."

Oram did not hear her. The blood had gone from his face, and his hands trembled as he clutched it.

"Why, what ails you, lad?" cried the woman.

"It's nothing—nothing—I'm only tired," said Reuben, as he gazed mechanically at his wife's present; "I think I'll take a turn outside. Ride indoors, Sally, till I come back."

His wife gazed at him with anxious wonder as he left the house. She watched him to the corner of the road and then turned from the window.

The brooch was on the table, but the mock diamond seemed to have lost its lustre and the would-be gold looked tarnished; but the children were happy with their toys.

Parson Waddilove was preparing his sermon when he was disturbed, and he left his manuscript with a sigh.

"What is it, Reuben?" he said.

"Parson," he cried with a world of agony in his voice. "Parson, it's come—the summons. Here it is."

The clergyman took the letter and read the superscription.

"To Reuben Oram,
mariner,
at the Bridlington Keys,
hard by York,
England."

"What is this? An unopened letter. From some old shipmate, doubtless. The summons? Pshaw? Reuben, I'm ashamed of you and your old dames' fears."

"For God's sake read it, Parson. You'll see who's right then," and, with nails clenched into the palms of his hands and teeth biting his lips till the blood came, he stood over the clergyman as he broke the wafers and unfolded the letter.

One glance sufficed, and the Vicar sat bolt upright in his chair with a startled look.

Oram turned round and faced the window. Even at that terrible moment he did not care that Parson Waddilove should see his face.

"Read it, sir," he said firmly, after a a moment's silence.

The Parson read:

"To Reuben Oram.

"The Captain is short handed and summons deserters; so make ready. Heckhausen, Bergh, Jansen, Krans and Biebrich are on board. You will join the first day of December.

"Vanderdecken."

There was a long pause.

"Do you believe me now, sir?" said Oram with a bitter smile, turning round at length.

"Lad," said the clergyman gravely, "the letter—summons, as you call it—is here undoubtedly; but I am still of the mind it is some scurvy trick played upon you as upon the others."

"Summons or trick, they all died soon afterwards," said Oram doggedly.

"Then make up you mind to live, Reuben. If you determine you are going to die on the day mentioned—December first—then die you may, but if you trust in God and defy the power of the evil one to reach you, then you will live."

"That cursed gold," muttered Oram.

"No longer cursed, Reuben. Only to-day I received a letter from our good Archbishop. He hath been pleased to allow your money to go to the purchasing of our new church bell. December first is yet a month ahead. I will journey this week to York and arrange for the bell to be delivered and fixed by then; and that shall be the date of its consecration. As it rings out its sacred notes you shall know that the money has lost its curse by being devoted to the service of the Almighty, and that by its agency, for generations yet to come, shall souls be saved from eternal punishment and not lost."

For the moment the Parson's words brought a ray of hope to Oram's heart; but at each step nearer home his spirits sank. The bell might ring—but the summons had come.

* * * * * *

The days passed, and the summons was never out of Oram's mind. He brooded over it by day and dreamed of it at night. His wife was much alarmed at his altered condition, but Oram, though he gave her many reasons for it, withheld the true cause.

She divined it had some connection with the letter, but the very mention of it distressed her husband so much that she dared not refer to it again. She did her best to cheer and comfort him, but she was hurt he should wish to hide anything from her. His neighbors and mates were quick to note the change in his manner and appearance, and many were the explanations offered.

Of course it was known he had received a letter, and soon the rumor spread that it was from a former wife, who threatened an immediate descent on his present household. Oram vouchsafed no information; he rarely spoke to anyone now. He grew surly and neglected his work. And so the month wore on.

It was the last day of November. The whole day Oram had wandered about in a fever of unrest and anxiety. The morrow was the date fixed by the summons—what it would bring him the wretched man scarcely dared think of.

Was he to die as the others had died? Had the consecration of the money defeated Vanderdecken's foul purpose? Or was it all a fable and a myth, as Parson Waddilove had urged? To-morrow at this time he would know.

Dusk was falling, night was gathering in, as Reuben Oram, filled with these unhappy thoughts, was making his way homewards. His cottage was now in view; the light streaming from the window and the open door. That, at any rate, was his heaven for to-night.

Let to-morrow—Good God! what was that? His eyes had glanced seawards, and suddenly he stopped as though rooted to the ground. The blood ran cold in his veins; his eyes started from their sockets; his very heart seemed to stand still, while his limbs trembled as though he were palsy-stricken.

There were others looking seawards that evening, and they afterwards declared they saw nothing unusual; there was the little fishing fleet at anchor—that was all. But Oram saw something more than this.

With her sails set dead against the wind he saw the Spectre Ship enter the bay.

"My God," he cried, "the captain's come for me!"

There was a pause. By the second hand of your watch you could have counted twelve, and then, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and with steady feet, Reuben Oram walked to his home.

The children were in bed, but he roused them from their slumbers. With one perched on either knee and his wife in the ingle nook, he sat before his untouched supper and talked and laughed as he used to do.

He sang them songs, he told them wondrous tales; and the youngsters crowed with glee, while their mother smiled happily upon them. The cloud had passed; her goodman was himself again. Then the bairns fell asleep in his arms and he put them to bed himself, and kissed them—and then—and then he turned to his wife—and told her all.

There was no sleep for man or woman in the cottage that night, and when the sun was high in the heavens there they still sat, hand in hand, waiting for the end.

The gate creaked on its hinges, footsteps were heard outside, and a knock came at the door.

"Reuben, Reuben," said a well-known voice.

"It's only the Parson, lad," said the wife, and she rose and unbarred the door.

"Well, good folk," said the cheery clergyman. "This is a nice time to be abed. Why, how's this?" as his eye caught the ashes of yesterday's fire, yesterday's meal untouched, the bed unslept in.

Oram muttered something unintelligible, while his wife caught up the children from their cot, and took them into the wash house to dress. Oram and the Parson were left alone together.

"Reuben, I've bad news for you. The bell was fixed yesterday and all seemed well. Overnight one of the beams on which it was hung gave way, for it seems the strain was too great. The bell crashed through the floor below and is broken."

Oram laughed.

"A good omen, sir, for to-day. But what matters it? Do you think the ringing of a bell would keep the evil away? You should try candle and censer and say mass. The Romanists have more powerful weapons, Parson."

"Reuben, Reuben," said the clergyman, greatly shocked, "these words become you not."

Again the man laughed—a hideous laugh.

"They will become me worse to-morrow, Parson, when I am damned. Vanderdecken is here. The foul ship came last night with her cargo of spectres. There would have been a choir full of them for the consecration, and the skipper could have sounded his speaking trumpet right merrily; no doubt they had a fine time of it in the belfry last night."

Parson Waddilove stared at the sailor in silent horror. He was evidently going mad.

"Parson," he went on with terrible earnestness, "you'll see to Sally and the bairns after—after to-day. Here's money," and he opened a chest and produced a bag therefrom. "Here's money that will see them through the winter—then God help them, for I cannot. You'll look after them, sir? The lass might go as a serving wench when she is old enough, and the lad must be a sailor, I trow. But, Parson, tell him never to sail in a ship bound for the Cape. Merciful heaven! to think of him meeting father's ship and being doomed to perish. Make him swear it, sir, by all that's holy. And the wife—my Sally—oh, God! how can I talk of these things—it's worse than death itself—" and the man broke down and hid his face in his arms.

Suddenly he started up, pale and ashy as death.

"Hark!" said he, with "That's the captain's voice," and he stared at the door with deadly terror written on his face.

He rose to his feet, swaying to and fro like a drunken man and holding on to the table for support.

"I am ready, skipper," he said.

The clergyman followed the direction of his eyes, but he saw nothing unwonted in the room. There was no one there but themselves.

Oram made one or two steps forward as though following an invisible guide—then he tottered and fell to the floor, insensible.

"Mistress Oram! Mistress Oram!" cried the clergyman as he bent over the sailor; and the affrighted woman rushed in. Together they lifted him on the bed; and, leaving the wife chafing his hands and bathing his head, the Vicar ran off to procure what medical assistance the village afforded.

It was some hours before Parson Waddilove finally left the cottage. He waited till the leech arrived and the patient had been bled, and consciousness had returned; he called again in the afternoon, and once more late at night to see how he was progressing. He left him fast asleep under the influence of a potent drug the apothecary had been obliged to administer.

The clergyman left the house about eleven. He was much distressed by the events of the day, and now he determined to take a walk on the cliffs to compose himself.

The night was fine, and there was a glorious moon shining on the water. All looked peaceful and calm; and a sudden desire seized the Parson to have a short pull. Despite his increasing years and weight, he often took a boat out when the tide was favorable and the water calm; and it was so now.

It was almost the bottom of the ebb; in half an hour the tide would turn and bring him back. He made his way down the cliffs to the little landing stage, alongside which the boats were moored, and chose one—Oram's—he knew of old. He hunted for a pair of blades, and, having found them, cast off from the mooring ring and pulled out into the bay.

In five minutes or so he rested. His mind was too busy for physical exertion. His thoughts persisted in turning to Oram.

"His mind must have become unhinged by much brooding over the letter," said the Parson to himself; "and last night he said he saw the Spectre Ship. As if such a thing were possible——" Then he stopped. His heart beat as though he had heard the first trump of Judgment; his scalp tightened; the blood curdled in his veins.

There, not fifty yards away, lay the weird semblance of a vessel, a three-masted merchantman. There was hurrying to and fro on board, for she was preparing to sail, but not a sound was audible. Shapes of men were straddling on on the foot-ropes of the topsail yards, loosing the canvas out of the gaskets. There was a capstan on the high forecastle head, the bars manned and the cable already hove short.

There was a filmy fiddler on the capstan top, fiddling a soundless tune. By the high poop lanterns stood the phantom captain, with his speaking trumpet under his arm, shouting orders unheard. There she lay, in outward form a vessel; but there was no color, no substance. She was white; impalpable as a sorrow, vague as a dream—in truth a Spectre Ship.

Parson Waddilove gazed at the white glare in spell bound horror. Ha! what is that? A boat swings up and out from the booms, and is lowered. Four sailors climb down, and with noiseless strokes put off and pull towards him, shorewards. Nearer, nearer they come, and he is fascinated by their approach. He tries to shout a warning, but the words stick in his throat. They are but a boat length away. Now they are on him, right amidship. He waits for the crash.

A shadow flits by. They are gone.

His eyes follow. Unheedingly they are pulling to the shore. A cloud passes over the moon and they are lost. The Parson strains his senses, listening and watching in breathless suspense.

Not a sound is to be heard, save the faint clash of the sea breaking on the weed-wrack and shingle. Ha! there they are again. Great God! what is that?

There are now five men in the boat!

On they come, the fifth man holding the tiller. They pass the Parson's boat scarce a dozen yards off. That fifth shadow—that ghostly semblance of a man—it is Reuben Oram.

They pull to the vessel, climb on board, the boat is hauled up, and the anchor broken out of the ground. One by one the sails unfold and, straining at their sheets and bolt ropes, belly out in the breezeless night. The ship swings round and, against the incoming tide, surges away to sea.

The crew of the Flying Dutchman was complete.

Popping the Question.

BY T. L.

THE black clouds which I have been watching, as they drifted like billows up from the west, and broke in a shower of sweet, fresh rain upon the waiting earth, have brought back so plainly to my mind a little story of my life, that I cannot rest contentedly until I write it out.

It was on just such an evening as this that Edmund Leighton returned the book which I had lent him. All day the clouds had roamed fretfully across the sky before the dry, hot wind, telling in little frowns from the far-off hills that before the night came down they would pour upon us their wrath of wind and driving rain. And so, taking their promises as a truth, I sat down in a bay window of my uncle's parlor, and watched the king of the storm gathering his forces.

How the wind tearing through the green of the June trees, the cry of the birds as they swarm through the darkening air, the dense pile of clouds muttering and wheeling up from the west, shooting their fretted sides away across the heavens, and gathering the broken masses that had been wandering all day through the air, sickened and saddened me! The rain which had just commenced falling in large, scattering drops upon the garden walks, was stretched out in white, foaming sheets across the distant hills, when Edmund Leighton came slowly up the hills, when Edmund Leighton came slowly up the walk that led to the house. A joyful exclamation arose to my lips at sight of his well-known form and face; and the feeling of sadness that had so depressed me gave way to one of pleasure. My uncle and aunt were away, and I was alone with the servants in the house, and

therefore was excusable for the quick haste with which I flew across the parlor, and out into the hall to meet, with extended hand, the guest who had come to bear me company through the heavy tempest.

And yet of all men that I daily met and associated with in the fashionable home of my uncle, he was the only one whose presence would have assured to my heart a quiet, happy feeling of safety and security from all danger, even though the danger I feared was held lovingly in the hand of Him who never is unmindful of his children, either in the storm or in the sunshine. I never can forget that night.

How the lightning leaped in forked flames from the angry clouds, lighting up the rooms and breaking through the gloom that hung upon everything. How the deep crashing of the thunder deafened us, and how the noble old trees swayed and creaked in the wind; and how like a sweet, present happiness, which refused to look at the past, but hung enchanted upon the passing moments, a hope that nestled for months in my heart sprang up into the clear light of certainty.

All that evening I felt that Edmund Leighton loved me. The knowledge came to me in the clear, distinctly modulated tones of his voice, in the very thoughts that I know surged up to his lips for utterance, and yet died away again because the narrow channel of human words was not wide enough for them to flow through. I knew that he loved and understood me as none other could, knew that he sought my society in preference to that of any other woman, and that his eyes held a new light, his lips had a new language, and his whole being a new joy when he was near me.

Yet, when he left me that night, when he clasped my hand tenderly at parting, and drank with his deep, penetrating eyes the love that flowed out in every glance of mine; when he bent his head half reverently, as he spoke with a tenderness all his own the word, "Good-night, Kate!" I felt a pang of disappointment at my heart, like one who has been robbed of some dear, sacred right, that he should go from me and not speak in words the sweet declaration of his love. And when the door closed after him, I went to my chamber with slow steps, while the tears gushed freely from my eyes. For one little moment I held the book which he returned to me fondly in my hand, and then, while a bitterness which was new and strange to me, a thought that he was trifling with my better nature, seeking my love but to prove his own power and skill, swept over me, I threw it into an open drawer, and shut it in from sight.

And time did tell me. Told me slowly, lingeringly, and bitterly, that the shadowy fear which oppressed me was shaping itself into a black bitter reality; told me in little chapters of neglect, in words of coldness and lessons of cruel silence, that Edmund Leighton had been reaching his hand through my woman's heart but to gather up, greedily, my uncle's gold.

One morning, when I had played in this masquerade until I doubted myself whether the heart I had covered from the gaze of the world had ever thrilled with one true womanly joy, or had indeed annihilated itself to the cold, chilling mask that concealed it, my uncle came to me and said that a gentleman had proposed to him for my hand in marriage, and as he was of a good family and very wealthy, he for one looked with great favor upon his suit.

"But I do not love any gentleman of my acquaintance, uncle," I said, dropping the book which I had been reading upon my lap.

"That's favorable, Kate," said he. "If that is the case, you can have no objections to urge against becoming the wife of Sir James Perry."

"Sir James Perry, uncle!" said I. "I haven't the slightest regard for him, hardly a common respect. I do not know anything of him, save the little I have learned by passing a few evenings in his society. Surely you would not have me marry ignorantly, and without any knowledge of each other's characters?"

"You'll learn about characters soon enough, I'll be bound," said my uncle. "But the truth of the matter is just here, Kate. You are a poor girl, but worthy, it is true, of a high, proud position.

Make a business affair of it! The words grated harshly against my highest ideas of right, and fell like ice upon my heart. With the remembrance of Edmund Leighton's faithfulness rankling bitterly in my soul, I had little faith in love or truth. Here was a home offered me—a proud, high position. Should I accept it and go up proudly past those who had so wronged me? The hot blood crimsoned my cheeks as I thought of it, and my heart leaped with this new, thrilling ambition.

"Come Kate, answer me at once," urged my uncle, who was studying my face earnestly. "Shall I tell Sir James that you look with favor upon his suit? He is waiting in the library for a reply.

Again the warm blood flushed over lip, cheek, and brow, as I opened my mouth to speak. For a moment the older love, which for a few fleeting weeks I had endeavored to crush out of my being, rose up resolutely before me. But I put it away, and said with a slight quivering of voice and lip, "Tell Sir James, uncle, that I am pleased to look with favor upon him."

"That's like Kate Whartley; prompt, decisive, and brave!" said my uncle, smiling and bending his lips to my forehead. "I will go to him at once."

I sank back upon the sofa, and covered my face with my hands as my uncle left the room. Everything had been like a dream to me; but then I realized that the words I had spoken would hasten a sober, bitter awakening. I had pledged my word, as it were. I had sat in judgment against my own life, and the decision was passed. As these thoughts swept rapidly before me, and, as in my excitement I paced rapidly up and down the parlor, the baronet, with a face lit up with smiles, entered the room with my uncle, and in nicely worded sentences, thanked me for the great honor I had done him.

I replied hurriedly, and begged that he would excuse me from conversing with him then. How I hated him as with a feigned considerateness he pressed my hand tenderly, and said in a soft, affected voice, "You are quite excusable, my dear. This is new joy quite overpowers me, as well as you."

Marry Sir James Perry? The thought grew maddening to me. Better homeless, friendless, a wanderer out in the bleak ways of life, than an unloving wife? I refused myself to every one who called on me, and shut myself up alone with my sorrow, foolishness and pride.

In the early evening my aunt sent to me for an embroidery pattern, which I found in the drawer where weeks before I had carelessly thrown the book that Edmund Leighton had returned to me. A flood of bitter memories drifted across my heart as I looked upon its well-known covers. I half reached out my hand to take it.

But no—had I not griefs enough already to cope with, without looking upon sentiments that he had approved, words that he had remarked upon to me? Still I took the book from its resting-place, and commenced turning over the leaves with my right hand.

As I did so a sealed note fell from it upon the carpet at my feet. I caught it up eagerly. The superscription was in the hand of Edmund Leighton, plain, frank, and graceful—

"Miss Kate Whartley."

I tore it open, and read as follows:

"DEAR KATE—I would not risk words of so much importance to us both, in such a place, had you not often assured me that this book was your constant companion, and that not a day passed but that you read from its dear pages. I know not why I am about to make this confession to you upon paper, but I am not able to disregard the promptings of my heart that counsel me to do so. Still I have no fine words to write you. I only wish to say with my pen what I have often tried in vain to steady my voice to repeat to you—I love you. The words are spoken idly by many, but they go to you with my whole heart in them. I am a poor man, Kate; I love you for yourself alone; can you love me the same? You will read these words to-night, and when I meet you to-morrow evening I shall be answered. How simply I have written! Even my pen trembles with the burden of love I thrust upon it, and bid it tell you!

"EDMUND LEIGHTON."

I stood like one petrified as I finished reading the letter. For a moment I could not realize the blessed words it contained, so sudden was the rush of joy that broke upon me.

And then it only showed me more vividly the horrid spot upon which I was standing, as the lightning brings out for a moment with its fiery torch the gloom of the heavens and earth in the time of a night tempest. What right had glad happy smiles to shine upon my face at this knowledge, when already I had bound myself to Sir James Perry? The thought was insanity.

But my resolution was taken instantly. I would not marry him though I was sent a beggar into the street. My heart was lighter for the decision, and with an attempt at calmness I wound my hair about my face, bathed my burning face, arranged my dress, and descended to the parlor, where the baronet, in company with several friends, was waiting to see me.

"Mr. Leighton will call and congratulate you soon upon your engagement, Kate," said my little friend Ruth Seward, during the evening, drawing me unceremoniously from Sir James' side out into the garden.

"Mr. Leighton! how does he know of it?" I asked hurriedly.

"Oh, Kate, the news has spread rapidly among your friends. Sir James has sounded it joyfully."

"And every one believes it!" said I.

"Certainly," she replied. "Why shouldn't they?"

"They should," I said, bursting into tears.

"Why, how is this, Kate? Are you not happy?" said Ruth, putting her arms round me tenderly, and starting down the terrace steps. "Come down the walk; they will not miss us for a moment. Tell me what troubles you."

"Nothing, nothing," I answered, between my sobs and tears; "only I do not love Sir James, and am wretched, very wretched!"

"And Edmund Leighton, Kate; how is it with him?"

"Hush, hush, Ruth," I whispered, interrupting her, "some one is coming, up the walk. Do not speak so loud."

"It is Edmund, as I live!" exclaimed Ruth. "This way, Kate, quick, quick!"

I know not how it was brought about but in my agitation Ruth Seward led me in the wrong direction, and in a moment I found myself standing alone, face to face, with the very person I wished to avoid.

"Good evening, Miss Whartley," he said, coolly, raising his hat as he spoke.

I tried to answer him, but the words choked me, and I stood silent before him, my eyes bent upon the ground, and my cheeks glistening with tears. What could I say to him? How could I tell him why I had been silent so long? I felt his searching eyes upon me as we stood there, the light of the moon shining full upon us.

"What shall I say to you?" he asked, at last, in a tremulous tone. "I can think of nothing. You know my heart. Gather from it, if you please, all its best wishes; only let me be silent."

The words were spoken bitterly enough, but they were full of joy to me. "I only ask your love," I said, going close up to him.

"My love, Kate? Will you still trifle with me? Have I not suffered enough already without?"

It is useless; I cannot repeat the explanation that followed; cannot repeat the declarations of love that were pledged again and again. I suppose, like all lovers, we said a great many things that would sound silly if repeated to a third party, but which were, nevertheless, very delicious to us.

In a few plain words I gave Sir James Perry an answer in an explanation, at which he did not see fit to demur, when I solemnly assured him that had I become his wife, he would have been the most miserable instead of the happiest of men.

After all, that was a wise piece of advice of the poet. Let me repeat it to you, young lady reader, with a slight alteration to apply to your case and mine:—

"This maxim I lend to man a book
Unless you search it afterward."

SOUR PUMPKINS.—There was a farmer, somewhere, who devoted his attention exclusively to growing pumpkins, by which he succeeded in bringing them to an enormous size, so that he would chop with an axe a cart load of pieces to take to the market without sensibly diminishing the size of the pumpkin. However, one day as he was cutting away at a new pumpkin, his axe slipped and fell through into the pumpkin; so he started off to his neighbor's and borrowed a lantern and descended into the pumpkin; but when he got to the bottom he was surprised to find there another man, who immediately demanded of him what he had come down for. "I've come," says he, "to look for my axe which I have just cut in here." "Well," says the other, "you may go back again instanter, for I have been here these three weeks looking for my horse, and have not yet been able to get a sight of him."

At Home and Abroad.

The genuineness of antiquities is hard to vouch for, as has been provided by an Englishwoman who recently returned home from Egypt. She brought with her a terra cotta figure of a cat which she saw with her own eyes dug up out of the ruins of Karnak. She paid a good price for it and was delighted with her purchase. Unfortunately, the other day it was knocked down and smashed. Its head was then found to be stuffed with old numbers of a Birmingham daily paper.

A foreign journal describes a wonderful mechanical contrivance, a watch made in Switzerland that calls out the hours in a voice like that of a human being. This mechanical curiosity is the invention of one Casimir Livan, who based its principles upon his knowledge of the workings of the phonograph. The case, instead of containing a striking apparatus, as some of the late costly watches do, is provided with a phonographic cylinder, which is filled with a sensitive photographic plate, which has received the impression of a human voice before being inserted in the watch.

It is a rather curious fact that many of the luxuries and extravagances of modern times have their origin in New York. The latest craze there is perfumed butter, which is made into pats and stamped with a floral design, and is then wrapped in a thin cloth and placed in a flat dish filled with violets, roses or carnations, or any other scented flower. Another layer of flowers is then placed on the top, so that the butter is really imbedded in blossoms. The dish is put upon ice, where it is left for several hours; the butter being highly perfumed when it is brought to the table. There seems to be little object in this waste of flowers, as fresh butter is sufficiently delicious to need no accompaniment in the way of scent.

There are two ladies in Paris who devote themselves to promoting the welfare of cats. One of them goes round a certain quarter of the city every day feeding one hundred of the animals which live in cellars, whilst in an outhouse at her own home she nurses all the sick and injured cats that she can rescue from the streets and unkind owners. The other lady makes the cats in the Palais de Justice, in the Prefecture of the Police, at the College of the Sorbonne, and in the Central Market, her especial care. At the Palais de Justice there are thirty cats, which, when anything prevents their benefactress coming at her usual hour for feeding them, go out into the courtyard to meet her, and wait there until she arrives. At first the policemen on duty scoffed at the kindly lady, but they soon became interested, and now eagerly help her to feed her large feline family. The lady declares that apart from the good she has done to the cats, she has awakened a spirit of humanity in the police force.

The Imperial court at Berlin is still in domestic matters conducted with the thrift which rules in all German families, and not with the lavish expenditure which characterizes the "living bills" of other crowned heads. The Emperor is boarded out in his own palaces, and he has a fixed charge for every style of "cover" served. He has two cooks, a French chef and a German one. There is a fixed price for each "plate" served daily. For an everyday dinner seven and a half marks, or one dollar and eighty-seven cents, a head. State dinners cost three or four times as much. At the prices given for suppers, three poor meals a day the Emperor is evidently making a profitable business of it. The Paris Figaro that tells the story of the Hohenzollern menage; but extravagance has no charm for the French mind, and without doubt the credit of the good food at fair prices belongs as much to the French chef as to his Brandenburg brother of the skillet and coppers.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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Our Young Folks.

SEVEN LITTLE GUINEA PIGS.

BY G. H

TOMMY all sat in a row, and cried.

And as they had no pocket handkerchiefs, they had to use large cabbage leaves instead; and cabbage leaves are awkward things on which to dry your tears, let me tell you.

And what was it all about?

Why, that I am sure you will never guess.

Neither could little Eva; and she was very anxious to find out why her favorite little guinea pigs were in such distress. She had asked Auntie Ethel if she knew what could be the matter, and auntie said the best way to find out would be for Eva to go very quietly up behind the guinea pigs' cage and wait till they began to talk, and no doubt then she would hear why they were so unhappy.

So Eva crept up very softly, and she had scarcely got comfortably settled on the trunk of the old apple tree, which had been blown down a few days before, when the pigs began to talk.

You may be sure Eva listened with both her tiny ears, and this was what she heard:

"Well," said the eldest pig, as well as he could speak for sobbing, "I don't think it's fair at all. Why are we, of all sorts and conditions of pigs, singled out to be curtailed in this fashion?"

"You're not tailed," said piggy Number Two, with a giggle, "and that's what the fuss is about." And he smiled as if he thought he had said something rather smart.

"Pooh," said his third brother, with a nasty little sneer; "think you're a mighty clever pig, don't you? Was that silly little joke all your own idea?"

Piggy the second was so indignant at this that he promptly scrambled up and boxed his brother's ears till he squealed again. The eldest was obliged to interfere to prevent matters from becoming serious.

After a time peace was restored, and the combatants were separated, though they still persisted in making faces at each other in a very exasperating way.

"Now," said Number Four, as he sat down between the two and fanned himself with his cabbage leaf, "you must keep quiet—will you?—and let us discuss this very important question of 'How to Make Guinea Pigs' Tails Grow.'

"It is quite impossible to give one's serious attention to anything, while you go on like that," he continued, turning suddenly on his third brother, who was silly endeavoring to reach behind him and kick Number Two.

The eldest pig interfered now, and Number Three was made to go and sit beside his youngest brother, who was the wise pig of the family, and could generally make even the most refractory members of it behave themselves.

And so, order being once more restored, Number Five was asked his opinion.

"If you ask me——" he began

"We did ask you, stupid," interrupted the incorrigible Three.

Number Five slowly turned his eyes on the delinquent, and glared at him for a few minutes in speechless indignation; but as Three calmly sat on his hind legs, gazing placidly at the sky and curling his moustache, his elder brother could not crush him with his glance as he had intended. So he cleared his throat several times and began again:

"As I was saying, when I was so rudely interrupted"—glancing angrily at Number Three who smiled affably back at him—"as I was saying, if you ask my opinion, I think our tails will grow in good time. Why, men were but boys once—beardless boys, mark you—and why should not we——"

Here his remarks were cut short suddenly, in consequence of Number Three falling so heavily over sideways against his youngest brother that the whole row was knocked over like ninepins.

"You did that on purpose," panted Number Two, as he scrambled out of the struggling pile of pigs, and hauled his youngest brother by the ear from under two others.

"Think so?" said Number Three.

"I'm sure of it," was the reply.

"That's all right," responded Three cheerfully. "Here, what are you sitting on your eldest brother like that for?" he continued, dragging up Number Six, who was too dazed by his fall to attempt to defend himself from such an unfounded charge.

"Sit up, old boy," and giving Six a little shake, he dumped him down again in his place anything but gently.

Eva couldn't help laughing when all the pigs fell over sideways, they did look so funny, and kicked about so helplessly; but, fortunately, they did not hear her, and in course of time they all got right, and went on again with the discussion.

"What do you say?" they asked Number Six, as it was his turn to be asked; but nobody expected much from him—he was always rather foolish.

Just now he was so confused by his fall that he had completely forgotten what they were talking about; so he just smiled feebly and made a little bow, and did not speak at all.

"——'s the most sensible observation that's been made up to the present," said Number Three approvingly, as he reached out and patted Six on the back in a patronizing way.

"Why, he said nothing at all!" cried the others.

"That's just it," said Three; "he's the only one who hasn't talked nonsense."

"Impertinent pig!" grunted the eldest; "anyone would think you were the wit of the family."

"Ah! so they might," retorted Three; "and that's a thing they would never take you for."

Some of the other pigs giggled at this, for the eldest was not a great favorite, as he was rather fond of giving himself airs and ordering the young ones about; but when he put on his big spectacles and stared at them silently, they left off laughing at once, and all looked very solemn indeed.

When they were all as quiet as mice—even Number Three being, for the moment, on his best behavior—the eldest pig said

"We will now resume our interesting discussion upon this momentous subject"—for he was rather a pompous kind of pig, and liked to use the longest words he knew; "and as all the other pigs have been consulted, there only remains the opinion of our youngest brother to be ——"

And, bowing to Number Seven with oldfashioned politeness, he sat down, and having taken a pinch of snuff, he crossed his legs, folded his arms, and fixed a patronizing and benevolent gaze upon the baby of the family.

Now, Number Seven was a very little pig, with thin legs and a very big head; not a pretty pig, it is true, but a very sensible one, who minded his own business and never gave his opinion unless he was asked for it.

So all the others were curious to hear what he would have to say; for, to tell the truth, they began to think that they had not gained very much by their discussion so far.

Seven shut his eyes as soon as his eldest brother called upon him to speak, and apparently took a short nap.

That was a way he had when he was going to say anything important. So the others, being quite used to it, took no notice at all, but amused themselves with eating cherries and throwing the stones at the tip of his nose till he awoke again.

At last he opened his eyes, but had to shut them up again at once, on account of the cherry stones which were flying at his face. So he waved his paw in the air as a signal that he was awake, and the others immediately stopped their game and settled down to listen attentively.

"My brothers," he began in a plaintive little voice, "I am grieved to hear the remarks which have fallen from most of you on the subject of your tailless condition.

"If you had studied your natural history books at school, instead of playing marbles and getting into mischief when you ought to have been learning your lessons, you would know that you have every reason to be glad, instead of sad, at the absence of that appendage.

"Why, you silly pigs!" he continued, warming with his subject, "have you never seen the kittens and puppies held up by their tails by our young masters? have you never trembled at their squeals when undergoing that process? have you never listened to their lamentations at the length and strength of their tails, which serve as such convenient handles for boys to pick them up by?

"Oh, you silly little pigs! they envy you. Yet you, having seen them subjected to such treatment, have no more sense than to wish for the possession of the very article which causes them so much inconvenience.

"Besides, that's not the worst"—and here he dropped his voice to such a whisper that the others all had to crowd round him to hear—"I heard the master telling little Tom a few days ago that if he held a guinea pig up by his tail his eyes would drop out!"

Here all the pigs sat down suddenly, looking a little pale.

"Do you think there's any truth in that?" asked one nervously.

"Can't say, I'm sure," replied Seven; "but the master told Tommy he would find out all about it if he studied natural history. I borrowed the book from the tortoise in the back garden, but I have not found anything in it about guinea pigs' tails at present."

"Of course not," said Three, with an air of superior wisdom, "you can't find what we haven't got, can you?"

"Ah!" said the others in a tone of relief, "that's quite right. We are safe enough, at present, because we haven't got any tails, so no one can hold us up by them."

"Let us hope they will never grow!" they cried, as they all ran off home to bed.

* * * * * * *

And little Eva hoped so too; for she had often heard her brothers talk of holding the guinea pigs up by their tails in order to see their eyes drop out, and she had been very unhappy about it; so you may be sure she was glad to hear there was no chance of such a thing ever happening.

DOGS AND DOGS.—The most famous St. Bernard dog was named Barry. He saved forty lives, and his stuffed skin is now preserved in a Berne museum.

The dog is regarded as a distinct species of an animal, closely akin to the wolf on the one side and to the fox on the other.

The average age of the dog is ten years, but in isolated cases these animals have been known to live twenty.

The name of the spaniel is derived from Spain, the country to which this animal is believed to be indigenous.

In 1839 by an act of Parliament the use of dogs in London to draw carts as beasts of burden was abolished

The Skye terrier takes its name from the island where this variety of dog is supposed to have originated.

Representations of the spaniel have been found on the Roman monuments of Tuscany and elsewhere.

The Newfoundland is indigenous to America. It was found here by the earliest explorers.

The bulldog takes his name from the fact that he was formerly used for bull baiting

All arctic dogs are provided with a thick coat of wool under their hair.

Only domesticated dogs bark: in the wild state they howl and whine.

The greyhound appears on the oldest Egyptian monuments.

The mastiff is supposed to be indigenous to Thibet.

The dog is mentioned thirty three times in the Bible.

The "dogs of war" are famine, sword and fire.

The most famous dog artist was Landseer.

ISOLATED.—In winter Labrador is simply frozen out from the rest of the world One "komatick," or dog sledge, mail, reaches some of the more southerly settlements late in the spring.

The Moravian missionaries at the Eskimo villages further north endeavor at least once a winter to visit the few scattered white settlers within a hundred miles or so of the missions. Sometimes their komatick is overtaken by a severe snow storm before shelter can be obtained. Then the missionary and his Eskimo driver dig a deep ditch down in the snow, and camp in the bottom. The gases from the camp fire prevent the snow from floating in, and the travelers are sheltered from the icy blasts.

At Battle Harbor, in Labrador, the mission is too poor to furnish the wee church with a bell, so the rector signals the call to service with a flag

At Little Bay, Newfoundland, the two churches are high up among the rocks. One of these has a small belfry perched on a still higher rock. The other one's bell swings from a tall spar, and is rung by climbing a ladder.

The dog sledge is also the regular method of winter traveling over the frozen bays of Newfoundland; only it is drawn by Newfoundland dogs instead of by the half wolfish Eskimo mongrels upon which the men of Labrador have to rely.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Stockings made of colored paper are worn in China.

The eyes of fish and birds are round, with triangles at the corners.

People eat 20 per cent. more bread when the weather is cold than when it is mild

In Italy there are more theatres in proportion to its population than in any country.

Some royal crowns are merely silk-wadded caps ornamented with jewels and ——

The oldest national flag in the world is that of Denmark, which has been in use since the year 1219

Condensed food has not been a success, according to the War Department experiments on soldiers.

Of the 19,084,059 acres of land contained in Scotland not quite 4,500,000 are in a state of cultivation.

The young of several species of serpents retreat down the throat of the mother when pressed by sudden danger.

A pound of feathers contains 16 ounces, or 7000 grains, a pound of gold contains twelve ounces, or 5760 grains.

In Europe thrushes build their nests as near to human habitations as they can to escape the persecutions of the magpies.

A mysterious ringing of electrical bells in a house in Switzerland was traced to a spider whose web had connected two wires.

The maximum age assigned to the pine is said to be 700 years; to the red ——, 345; to the oak, 410, and to the ash, 145 years.

The Emperor of Austria, Francis Joseph I, will be 69 years old in August next, and he had sat on his throne for forty-eight years.

Tin is one of the oldest known metals. The Chinese have used it in the fabrication of their bronzes and bronzes from time immemorial.

It is asserted by local surveyors that the government survey located about 600 acres of "good farming land" inside the limits of Klamath lake, Oregon.

At the Stadt Theatre in Leipsic no person is permitted to go to his seat after the performance has begun, unless during the intermission between the acts.

The oldest king in Europe is Christian IX. of Denmark, who last month entered upon the 79th year of his age. He has worn the crown for thirty three years.

The Veddahs, or wild hunters of Ceylon, mingle the pounded fibres of soft and decayed wood with the honey on which they feed when meat is not to be obtained.

Sunday in Scotland is losing its sanctity. Driving, cycling and golf on that day have now been followed by a vote of the Glasgow corporation throwing open the public bathhouses for four hours on Sunday morning

Nearly every English flagship carries eight and every cruiser four fully qualified divers, whose duty it is to repair any damage sustained by the vessel below the water line, clearing the propellers and recovering the anchors.

In the Baidar valley, near Balaklava, in the Crimea, there stands a walnut tree which must be at least 150 years old. It yields annually from 60,000 to 100,000 nuts, and is the property of five Tartar families, who annually produce equally

Italy proposes to take the sale of quinine out of the hands of the druggists and so make it a government monopoly. Druggists sell it at the rate of from 250 to 300 a pound, while the Government gets it for the army at 95 a pound.

A Persian regiment on the march is a strange spectacle. Every three soldiers have a donkey, for there is neither baggage train nor commissariat. On this donkey is placed the worldly wealth of its proprietors and their muskets, occasionally the veiled wife of a soldier bestrides the beast.

At the Spitalmarket in Berlin there is a coffee tavern whose waiters and tips are conspicuous by their absence. All along the walls of the establishment automatic machines are placed, each with a label revealing its contents—beer, coffee, tea, etc. You take a glass, hold it up to the machine, insert a penny in the slot, and you are served in ——

An unknown man in Westville, Conn., sent 30 cents in postage stamps to the Treasury Department recently as a conscience contribution. He states that, while ——, commissary stores during the war, he took from sugar barrels at various times many lumps of sugar, the value of which, with interest since that time, he computes at 3c ——

A sign of the enormous growth of the bicycle trade is the recent sale of the Dunlop Pneumatic Tire company's property, in Dublin, for £1,000,000. When first formed, a few years ago, the company's capital was $112,500; it was subsequently increased to $250,000. The shareholders have received $3,250,000 in dividends and premiums, and will receive $14,625,000 more from the proceeds of the sale.

MIDSUMMER.

BY W. W. LONG.

The air blows hot across the fields,
And dust clouds gather o'er the hill;
No cooling breeze shakes silent leaves,
There is no sound save locusts' trill.

Along the road the butterflies
Sweep downward to my feet;
The roadside rills have all run dry,
The flowers droop 'neath the heat.

A coppery sky bends o'er the land,
There is no sound within the roads;
The sun gleams down like molten brass,
The birds seek cooler solitudes.

Down yonder in the shady dell,
Beside the fair spring stream,
I'll wander to the old-time seat,
And of my darling dream.

CHILDREN OF OLD.

It is sad to think how little value was attached to child-life in the earlier periods of the world's history, and even yet with what cold indifference it is sacrificed—especially female child-life—in China and in other countries not all inhabited by savages.

It is usually believed that the practice originated in Phœnicia. The Phœnicians were a very religious people in their way; polytheists and idolaters, but showing in many ways an extraordinary reverence for their gods. In every city the temple was by far the finest building, full of rich and beautiful ornaments gifted to it in honor of the gods.

Yet nowhere did religion show worse than in Phœnicia. An old Latin proverb was verified: "The corruption of the best things is the worst," or, as we say in English, "The best wine turns to the sourest vinegar." Two very horrible practices became rife under the shadow of religion—licentious orgies and child sacrifices.

The one was connected with the worship of the female deity, Astarte or Ashtoreth; the other of the male, Baal, as he was called generally; but other names were given to him by other nations who practised his worship, such as Moloch or Chemosh.

The Canaanites that inhabited Palestine before the Israelites were either Phœnicians or much influenced by them; and it was the abominations that proceeded from this atrocious worship that doomed them to the judgment which the Israelites inflicted.

We have no very authentic account of the manner in which children were offered in sacrifice to the gods. The most minute descriptions are derived from writers in the Talmud, and from other persons outside, who may not have had personal knowledge of the practices they describe. But we know that the offerings were presented to Baal or Moloch as the god of fire, and, to be acceptable, they required to be consumed by his own element.

The mode of death was horrible. The rabbis describe the image of Moloch as a human figure with a bull's head and outstretched arms, and the account which they give is confirmed by what Diodorus Siculus relates of the Carthaginian Kronos. His image, Diodorus says, was of metal, and was made hot by a fire kindled within it; the victims were placed in its arms and thence rolled into the fiery lap below. The most usual form of the rite was the sacrifice of children, especially of their eldest sons, by parents.

In the mythology of Phœnicia it was related of El, the special god of Gebal or Byblus, but worshipped also at Carthage, that, when reigning on earth, he had a son named Ieoud, whom he loved dearly, but when great dangers from war threatened the land, he first clothed him in royal apparel and then offered him in sacrifice.

This was held to give divine sanction to the practice, so that in times of calamity or apprehended danger, it became customary to offer human victims to the gods, and, the more honorable the victims, the greater the likelihood of the gods being propitiated. And we know from the clearest evidence that the practice continued to be observed for many centuries.

In the days of Jehoshaphat, King of Judah, when the Kings of Judah, Israel and Edom combined to fight against Moab, the King of Moab was so hard pressed that "he took his eldest son, that should have reigned in his stead, and offered him for a burnt-offering upon the wall." In his desperation he had recourse to the costliest offering he possessed.

There is reason to believe that the practice in its widespread distribution reached the British Isles. Human sacrifices are believed to have been a part of the Druidical worship. And among the Northmen generally the belief prevailed that human victims were the most acceptable to the gods.

The sacrifice of human beings was performed either by butchering them like other victims, collecting the blood in the sacrificial bowls, and afterwards sinking the corpse into a pool or morass; or by breaking the victim's back over a sharp rock; or finally by hurling it over precipice among the rocks of an abyss. Only on rare and very important occasions were the free-born sacrificed to their gods; and yet there were instances where the victims were chieftains or their children.

There can be no doubt, too, that at one time the practice of murdering children, and especially female children, through unwillingness to have the trouble of rearing them, was widely prevalent.

In Greece and Rome it was practised with the approval of the highest philosophers. In Sparta, if a child seemed unpromising, it was thrown into a cavern. In Rome the law of the Twelve Tables provided that malformed children should be instantly destroyed. Among the Norse weak and malformed children were exposed to the weather or to wild beasts; and it is said that in Poland imperfect children were killed so late as the thirteenth century.

We do not generally appeal to Mohammed or Mohammedanism for reproofs of cruelty, but in the Koran the burying alive of daughters which prevailed in certain Arab tribes is condemned and forbidden, and those who slay their children are threatened with perdition.

OF FABULOUS COST.—Ivory mats are exceedingly rare; it is said by those who know that only three exist in the whole world. The largest of these measures eight feet by four, and though made in a small hill State in the north of India, has an almost Greek design for its border. It was only used on state occasions, when the rajah sat on it to sign important documents. The original cost of the mat is fabulous, for no fewer than six thousand four hundred pounds of ivory were used in its manufacture. The finest strips of ivory must have been taken off the tusks, as the mat is as flexible as a woven stuff and in texture beautifully fine.

Grains of Gold.

Turn a thinker loose, and you shake the world.

Backsliding begins when praise leaves the heart.

It never hurts truth any to be slapped in the face.

The pleasures of sin are only pleasures for a season.

The hardest wound to heal, is the one inflicted by a friend.

The man who prays right will see to it that his example is right.

If we know how to aim, the bigger the giant the better the mark.

It is hard to convince a lazy man that he isn't the victim of bad luck.

Every man makes the world either richer or poorer than he found it.

If good seed is put in good ground, some of it will be sure to grow.

To shrink from self-denial is to push the cup of happiness away from your lips.

The love that never speaks until it does it on a gravestone, keeps still too long.

Femininities.

When a man calls a girl the apple of his eyes it is safe to suppose he considers her a peach.

When a girl's pocket book looks fat and bulky you can bet she has her handkerchief in it.

There is usually one woman in the congregation who doesn't regard the minister as a saint on earth. Yes, she is his wife, of course.

The primrose is in England an emblem of inconstancy. The name signifies that it is the prime rose, or the first rose of the spring, the flower opening before most others.

Cashier: Don't think I can cash this draft, miss. I don't know you. Miss: Here, don't be silly; give me the money. Who cares if you don't know me. I don't know you, either.

"Dodger is going to have a law passed compelling women to wear their old hats to the theatre." "What good will that do?" "Why, then they will always be willing to take them off."

Mrs. Suburb: You don't seem to have many visitors, Mrs. Meadow. Mrs. Meadow: No. You see, I never keep a girl, and when my relations come, I expect them to help with the housework.

A woman bicyclist of Springfield, Mass., has kept a record of her riding during the winter, and says that there have been only 26 days since November 1, 1895, when she has not been out on her wheel.

It would seem as if the big sleeves the young women wear were calculated to keep the enterprising young men at a distance, but the young women all look so contented that there is an acute suspicion entertained by thoughtful people that he gets there just the same.

Most housekeepers know how invaluable newspapers are for packing away the winter clothing, the printing ink acting as a defiance to the stoutest moth as successfully as camphor or tar-paper. For this reason newspapers are invaluable under the carpet, laid over the regular carpet paper.

Mrs. L. A. McGrath, of South Woodstock, Vt., is the owner of a singing canary 21 years old, which has sung all its life, and now, though so infirm from age that it can not reach its perch or sit on it when placed there, it sits on the floor of the cage and pours out the clear, sweet strains of song from morning till night.

Lieutenant Kinn, one of the oldest and most noted men on the Washington police force, is an expert in the making of violins, and has made a number of very fine instruments. In making the violins he uses nothing but an ordinary pocket knife. The Lieutenant is a Virginian by birth and rearing, but when a youth went North and served in the Union army.

A jovial old lady of Lagny, near Paris, named Miette, recently received a large legacy. She ran through it rapidly, and, after providing for a first-class funeral, killed herself with charcoal. She had hired the town band to lead the funeral procession, playing lively music, stopping at intervals for people to dance, and striking up its gayest air when the coffin was lowered into the grave.

The lecturer inquired dramatically: "Can any one in this room tell me of a perfect man?" There was a dead silence. "Has any one," he continued, "heard of a perfect woman?" Then a patient-looking little woman in a black dress rose up at the back of the auditorium and answered: "There was one. I've often heard of her, but she's dead now. She was my husband's first wife."

According to a large manufacturer of glass eyes, some 30,000 are used up annually. A good English eye will last about a year. Although glass eyes of foreign make are cheaper, they will not stand wear as long as the English. The greatest destroyer of the glass is the salt contained in the tears; its caustic action upon the glass having up to this time baffled all human invention.

A sculptor's wife had her husband arrested for assault and battery, because, as she testified, on the occasion of her going to his studio to inform him that a woman across the street had eloped, he struck her in the face with a huge mass of mud. The sculptor explained that the occasion referred to was the first time for years that he had seen a pleasant look on his wife's face, and therefore he hastened to take a cast of her features, in order to catch the expression for use on a bust he intended to model. The case was dismissed.

An elderly maiden, who has suffered some disappointments, thus defines the human race: Man—A conglomerate mass of hair, tobacco-smoke, confusion, conceit and boots. Woman—The matter, perforce, of the aforesaid animal. Husband—An instrument constructed to grow over shirt-buttons that "arn't there." Wife—A machine for darning stockings, sewing on shirt buttons, and making puddings and other things. Father—A being who thrashes the boys, and won't "fork over" as his fair olive branches desire. Wife—A pleasant song—a sweet vision of childhood. Child—A compound of delightful and distressing elements. Baby—An invention for keeping people awake at night, and for the aggrandizement of washerwomen.

Masculinities.

Keats, the "Poet's Poet," made himself immortal in English literature before his death at 24.

Peggy: I'd go to Brown's offener to get my hair done, but you've to wait so long. Elsa: Why don't you tell them to send it?

According to Carroll D. Wright, there are 15,000,000 wage earners in the United States, of whom only 1,400,000 belong to the labor organizations.

"Doctor, why is it that people are generally so much more pleased with boy babies than girls?" "Nothing simpler, madam. A boy baby never comes alone."

Miss Ellen Richardson, one of the two Quaker sisters who, in 1846, paid $750 by which Frederick Douglass was legally manumitted, has just died in Newcastle, England.

At an inquest in London recently, 12 of the 14 jurymen who inquired into the death of a man named Robinson were named Smith and the other two were named Jones and Brown.

One of the difficulties of keeping the Pope in good health comes from his habit of sometimes rising in the night, when, for instance, a Latin couplet comes to him which he wishes to record.

Salt has the property of causing dough to take up more water than it otherwise would, and thus increases the weight of the bread; but, as this increase is mere water, the bread gains nothing in nutritious quality.

In Italy Signor Camillo Bancia has broken all previous records by a recital lasting forty-six hours without a check. Mr. Napoleon Bird, of Stockport, has challenged his Italian rival to play against him for fifty hours.

A letter from a lady at an inland watering place to her husband contains the following passage: "In your last epistle you sent me 200 marks and 1000 kisses. I should be glad if, in future, you would send me more money and fewer kisses."

One of the favorite maxims of the late Arsene Houssaye, the famous French critic, was a quotation from Pythagoras: "Hold thy peace, or say something which is better than silence." This he had inscribed over the door of his house.

A remarkable quartette of persons were the only guests at the Stewart House, Long Island, Va., on a recent Sunday. One of the guests was a doctor, one a clergyman, one a dealer in undertakers' supplies and the fourth a dealer in gravestones.

An English trades-union has refused to work with men who ride to their work on bicycles, on the ground that they have an unfair advantage in being able to work longer at the shop and yet get home at the same time as those who walk.

Bismarck is only a strong man by fits and starts now, and shows unmistakable signs of his age, though his mental faculties are unimpaired. His worst foe is his neuralgia, and his hardest battle is to keep his daily number of pipes of tobacco down to a minimum.

"The dress reform women want a law passed requiring men to wear some distinct dress to denote whether they are married or single." "What nonsense! When a man goes down the avenue in a last year's hat and baggy trousers, what idiot would think he was single?"

In a Parisian omnibus an ill-bred male passenger made a grimace when a very stout old lady got in. "Hippopotamus!" he exclaimed under his breath, but so loudly that the old lady heard him. "Sir," she said, "you know an omnibus is like Noah's Ark; it takes in all the animals—even donkeys."

The farmers of Oxford county, Me., are nearly all taking to bicycles. Recently one of them rode three miles to the store on a wheel carrying a pail of butter in one hand and a basket of eggs in the other. Another lashed a bag of meal to the handle bar of his wheel and rode home with the load, passing a neighbor who was returning in a wagon.

It is feared that little Johnny is not so proud of his dad as he might be were his dad a different sort of man. The other day Johnny looked at the unhandsome features of his papa, and then watched that personage move about in his shiftless fashion. Said Johnny, after a while: "Pop, were there any other men around when ma fell in love with you?"

Wife: I am just dying to see the things you bought while you were away! Husband: Eh? I didn't buy anything. Wife: But you had only one small trunk when you left, and you have come back with two. Husband: Oh! Yes—you packed my trunk for me, you know. When I came to start back, I had to borrow another trunk to get all the things in.

Jones, who recently took to himself a wife, has been looking out for lodgings in Brompton. Seeing a bill up, "Apartments to Let," he rang the bell, when the landlady made her appearance. He stated his object. "How many does your party consist of?" asked the landlady. "Three—my wife, her mother, and me." "Do you intend to live with your mother-in-law?" Yes." "Oh, then I can't take you in. The house now is perfectly quiet."

Latest Fashion Phases.

Sleeves, sleeves, never was there a wider range for the choice in sleeves than now, and, do you know, sleeves play a far greater part in the becomingness of a toilet than one would think. For instance, a slim figure looks much better in the full bishop sleeve or the big puff to the elbow than in either the leg 'o mutton or the Empire. While a round svelte figure should eschew both of these former modes, as tending to make them appear heavy and bulky, taking away from the symmetrical lines of the figure.

For the latter class the Empire is a favorite model, and it is smart enough to make every one wish to wear it. It consists of a wide, immensely full puff at the shoulder, drooping over the top of the skin-tight sleeve, which is usually a mass of crosswise wrinkles, and made to extend over the hands in a long point.

A pretty fashion is to cover the entire lower arm with lace, filled in over the foundation to match the puff. Another charming model of the Empire has a flaring puff springing from a fitted lower arm; a band of embroidery joins the puff to the lower arm, and gives a finished effect.

The "sectioned" bishop sleeve is wonderfully chic and is a favorite style for thick gowns of all descriptions. It is cut in four portions, all of which are joined by bands of lace or openwork embroidery. A deep band of shirring fits it closely over the shoulder and again at the wrist, finished by a frill.

This sleeve is especially smart made up of sheer muslin over a silk foundation, which shows off the delicacy of the lace insertions to advantage. The leg o' mutton sleeves, with many new embellishments, are seen. A charming model has the fullness of the lower arm caught into folds to fit the arm and held to above the elbow; a number of small buttons decorate it.

A party gown is of black fancy gauze over pink glace silk, those lace-edged frills which decorate the hem with the lace engraftings between, conceding to Madame la Mode's latest whim. The hip portion of the skirt, which please make a special note of, is formed of most exquisite embroidered chiffon, and has at the lower edge tiny undulating frills of the canvas. For the becoming over-bodice is this embroidery again employed, canvas and Chantilly lace insertions simulating a dainty front lighting up by the pink silk lining beneath. A ruffle of lace and pinked out black glace silk softens the throat.

Yoke waists are as fashionable as ever, and one sample dress shown has a yoke of alternate rows of Valenciennes insertion and organdie, a lace-edged frill with a heading to finish it across the back and front and puffed sleeves striped with the insertion. The bows of ribbon on the shoulder are a pretty addition, and fancy ribbons of all sorts are the crowning glory of all thin dresses.

A child's pelisse is in white French pique, and the skirt falls in two box plaits back and front from a yoke. This, however, is concealed by a deep square collar trimmed with very beautiful broderie, which also is seen on the cuff finishing the comfortable little bishop sleeves.

The latest novelty in dress materials is a very ordinary hemp sacking, woven, of course, with heavy threads and very open mesh. Some Paris dressmaker has introduced this, and while it looks very innocent and cheap, the gowns are made very expensive with elegant silk and satin linings and outside decorations of embroidery. Insertions with colored ribbons underneath are used, and the whole effect is not at all suggestive of the low-priced sack cloth. Another material called "nuro" is very popular, especially in brown; it resembles poplin and mohair, or something between them, which is a little like each one.

The whole tendency in dress materials this season is to produce something transparent enough to necessitate a silk lining and display the shot effects to good advantage, but there is a new substitute for silk, called "suraline," which has a very pretty gloss and a most industrious sort of a rustle for those who cannot afford the more expensive lining. Beige colored canvas over pale blue makes a charming dress with a plain skirt and a Louis XVI. coat finished with a band of black satin around the bottom and two large pearl buttons at the back. The vest may be of chiffon, lace or almost anything you choose, but silk handkerchiefs in subdued blue, green and red tints are very pretty for the purpose, with two pointed ends trimmed around with narrow lace falling below the wide belt of black satin.

These wide belts of blue satin slightly draped around the figure are a distinct feature of the new gowns, and some of them are fastened directly in front with three stiff bows of the same satin. Another and more striking characteristic of the latest summer gowns is the long shoulder effect carried out by the trimming or with various kinds of fichus and cape collars. The lining is cut the usual length on the shoulder, so the bodice has the advantage of being comfortable and at the same time quaint in style. Strictly tight fitting waists with narrow basque frills and fancy vests without any blouse effect are coming into fashion again. The pointed bodice is another revival of old-time fashions which appears among the new evening dresses. The point is deep in front and the back is finished with a basque. Some of these waists lace up the back, and others have the embroidered stomacher and fasten at one side of the front.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Few women realize what a wonderful beautifier and cosmetic is the lemon. Women of topical climes know and appreciate this fact, but it is worthy of wider knowledge.

It is one of woman's first duties to take care of her complexion. A slice of a lemon put into the water in which the face is washed removes all the oil and leaves the skin smooth, fresh and velvety.

If the undiluted lemon juice is rubbed on the face before going to bed and allowed to stay until morning, it will remove tan and freckles and impart a lovely smoothness to the skin. This should be done three times a week, winter and summer, and will be found invaluable to skins inflicted with inlarged or blackened pores.

In the West Indies a lemon bath is a daily luxury. Two limes or lemons are squeezed into the water half an hour before it is used, to allow the juice to permeate. After such a delicious tubbing the sense of freshness, the suppleness of the muscles and the smoothness of the skin is delightful.

As a hair wash and tonic it is unequaled. To wash the hair, cut a large, ripe lemon into a bowl of water from which the chill has been removed (water too hot is injurious). Rub the pulp of the lemon vigorously on the roots and along the length of the hair, which is allowed to soak for a time; then rinse thoroughly in fresh water of the same temperature.

No soap is needed, and if dried quickly by vigorous towelling, there is no danger of a cold. The lemon stimulates the growth, delays grayness, and gives a gloss to the hair.

For manicuring it is as necessary as the polisher. A teaspoonful of juice in a cup of tepid water whitens and removes all stains and dirt from the nails. It removes the cuticle without the aid of the scissors, which should never be used on the skin about the nails. After the fingers have been held in the water for a time rub with a rough towel across the nails, pushing the skin back, and in a marvellously short time it will disappear, to return no more as long as the treatment is kept up.

Half a teaspoonful of juice in a glass of water is an excellent tooth wash. Too much of this powerful acid is not good for the enamel of the teeth, but this amount is harmless, and gives a sweet breath and will remove the odor of onions or cigarettes more effectively than anything else.

It is particularly pleasant when illness renders the mucous and salivatory excretions of the mouth unpleasant.

The clever woman uses a lemon to cleanse her last year's sailor hat, since the shapes are almost the same this season.

With a new, stiff nail brush, dipped in the clear lemon juice, rub the hat well. Then lay it on a smooth surface, and pile books on the brim to keep it from curling up. Care must be taken to keep a white cloth between the hat and books, else they might stain it.

At this season of the year, with the new fruits in market, perhaps the housewife would like to know what to do with the oranges which are left, and which no one will eat.

To make candied orange peel, cut some oranges in half and scoop out all the pulp. Put the rinds into a basin and cover with salted water and let them soak for a week. At the end of that time drain them and put them into a stewpan containing a thin syrup made with two pounds of sugar and two quarts of water, and boil for half an hour. In another saucepan have two pounds of sugar and a very small quantity of water, and stir it over the fire until it becomes a thick syrup. After half an hour put the rinds into the thick syrup and boil them until the sugar candies on them. Then take them out of the syrup and drain on a sieve in a cool oven. When quite dry put into bottles and cork securely.

Orange brandy is made by taking twenty-four oranges and putting them in a jar with four pounds of crushed loaf sugar, two gallons of pale brandy and a little cinnamon. Leave them for three weeks, stirring gently now and then, but being careful not to break or bruise the oranges. At the end of that time strain off the liquor through a bag and bottle and cork. Orange gin is made in the same manner, except that it takes a longer time to stand. Gin should be used instead of brandy, and a few lemon rinds improve it.

Fine old lace which is not too soiled may be cleaned by laying it on a paper thickly sprinkled with flour and magnesia. Cover with another sprinkling of flour and a layer of paper. Leave a few days and then shake the flour from the lace. Do not fold fine lace; lay it on strips of blue or similar paper and roll the lace and paper together.

In making cream or lemon pies, where the crust requires to be baked before the filling is put in, an excellent plan is to lay over the paste a piece of strong brown tissue paper, pleating it to fit the pie plate and coming above the edge. Fill this with flour or meal and bake until the crust is done. Then the paper and contents may be lifted out. If flour is used it can be utilized afterward for thickening sauces and gravies.

Blankets washed in the following way are soft and light as new: Dissolve one tablespoonful of pulverized borax and one pint of soft soap; make a strong suds in cold water; put in the blankets and let them remain all night. In the morning work them up and down with the hands and put them into another suds of cold water; rinse them through three waters and hang them up without wringing. When they have hung a little while turn them half round. Choose a sunny day with some breeze.

A well-known medical authority says in a recent work that cheese should be eaten at least once a day. "It is the most valuable animal food obtainable," he says, "from two to three times as nutritious as the same money value of ordinary meat."

To prevent pie juice from running out in the oven make a little opening in the upper crust and insert a straw or little roll of white paper perpendicularly. The steam will escape through it as through a chimney, and all the juice will be retained in the pie.

When it is not convenient to broil fish over an open fire it may be nicely broiled in a very hot oven. Prepare the fish as for the usual method and lay it with the skin down on a piece of oiled paper in a roasting pan. Cook on the upper grate of the oven until browned, first rubbing it with butter and dusting with a little flour.

A lustrous polish for cabinet work is made of half a pint of linseed oil, half a pint of old ale, the white of an egg and one ounce of muriatic acid. Shake well before using and apply with a soft linen rag. This will keep for a long time.

The fragrant rose petals are now plentiful, and it will be interesting to experiment with the making of tincture of roses, as well as the usual method of preserving the fragrance in the form of a rose potpourri. Take the leaves of the fragrant roses and place them without pressing in a common bottle; pour some good spirits of wine upon them, close the bottle and let it stand until required for use. This tincture will keep for years, and it will yield a perfume little inferior to attar of roses; a few drops of it will be sufficient to fill a large room with a delicious odor. Common vinegar is greatly improved for table use by a very small quantity being added to it.

Ginger Cakes.—One cup of sugar, two cups of New Orleans molasses, one cup of butter, one and one half cups of hot water, one tablespoonful of baking soda, two teaspoonfuls of ginger and a pinch of salt; mix the batter and sugar together, stir in molasses, pour hot water on baking soda and stir it in, add salt, sift ginger with three cups of flour, stir it in and beat light, then add enough flour to make a soft dough that will roll; roll about one-fourth inch thick, cut in cakes and bake in hot oven dark brown.

The Weak
The Diseased
MADE STRONG AND HEALTHY
THROUGH
DR. RADWAY'S
Sarsaparillian Resolvent

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, Urine and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life; for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, uncured and badly treated Venereal in its many forms, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumous discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ringworm, Saltrheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all Weakening and Painful Discharges, Night Sweats, Loss of Sperm, and all wastes of the Life Principle are within the curative range of this Wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that are continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain, for when once this remedy commences its work of purification and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better appetite improving and flesh and weight increasing.

SCROFULA FROM BIRTH.

Dr. Radway: Dear Sir—It is with pleasure I take my pen in hand to inform you of the great cure effected by your medicine called Sarsaparillian Resolvent. I have a girl three years old last September who has suffered with scrofula ever since she was two years old. In fact, the doctor told us she was born with it. We had our best local doctors with her, and it seemed like all hope was gone, for they told us if the disease settled on her lungs she could not be cured. This frightful disease seated or seized upon her lungs severely. I began to think that our little girl could not live long, our physician's medicines doing no good. In the meantime I received a copy of your medical publication called "False and True," which you sent me. After seeing the accounts of so many cures affected by your treatments, I at once resorted to them, though I could scarcely find any in this country, but I had the luck to get one bottle, and by the time she used it all she was most well. The ulcers that were making their appearance on her body are entirely gone, her lungs almost healed, or at least she has almost quit coughing. She has begun on second bottle and I believe by the time she uses all of it she will be well. She had a very bad cough. If I could have secured this treatment in time I could have saved money by it, but it is a hard matter to get hold of it in this country. I am yours with respect,

SAMUEL S. BARKER,
Flat Top, Mercer Co., W. Va.

FEMALE COMPLAINT.

Mrs. H——, from a continual drain on her system, wasted away from 165 pounds to 75 pounds in the course of 14 months. She had used barks, iron, sulphuric acid, quinine and many of the much vaunted nostrums of the day, as well as all kinds of injections, and still grew worse. She commenced the use of RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT. In one month she gained in weight 10 pounds. Day after day she witnessed an increase of flesh and decrease of waste of Leucorrhea. In two months she was entirely cured of the Leucorrhea, and in six months had gained FIFTY POUNDS IN WEIGHT. She is now in the possession of health and beauty. Let all sick ladies take the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

SKIN DISEASES. HUMORS AND SORES

There is no remedy that will cure the sufferer of Salt Rheum, Ring Worm, Erysipelas, St. Anthony's Fire, Tetters, Rash, Pimples, Blotches, Prickly Heat, Ache and Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Humors of all kinds, so quick as the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT. Let it be tried.

THE MOST ECONOMICAL! THE BEST!

One bottle contains more of the active principle of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in teaspoonful doses, while others require five or six times as much. Sold by druggists. Price $1.

Send to DR. RADWAY & CO., 55 Elm Street, New York, for Book of Advice.

IN A MOUNTAIN STREAM.

EVERY fisherman who starts out for the first time to cast a fly in a mountain stream has some queer experiences that he never tires of telling about. That was the case of Tom and Jim. Neither had ever fished for anything but bullheads in a country pond. Both were away on their vacation, and between them they had purchased a fine trout fishing outfit.

Now, Jim and Tom had no more idea of how to fish for trout than a Mott street Chinaman. They went into the mountains with plenty of flies, a rod, a canteen, a flask and the knowledge that a trout must be drowned by "playing" before it could be landed.

It was ignorance that prompted the novice fishermen to hire a boat and go to the deepest stream in the neighborhood of the hotel to fish for trout. They were too proud to seek advice from those about the place.

"It so happened that in the stream where Jim and Tom went fishing there was a stiff current and many deep holes. They anchored the boat and then Jim cast his fly with the current. Before he had a chance to try again there was a tug on the line that almost broke the fine bamboo pole.

"I've got him, Tom," cried Jim as he let the line reel out in the manner he had read about.

"Let him have the slack; play him, you know. Oh, he must be a corker," added Tom.

Swiftly the line ran off the reel in the direction of the current, and when near the end Jim began to wind it up again.

"Wind him up fast," Tom advised, "and only bring the trout within a few feet of the surface. Then let him out again; I wonder how big he is."

"Must be a five pounder, anyway," said Jim, who had never seen a trout in his life. But there was a heavy strain on the line and he judged the weight of the fish by the tautness of the line.

The day was a hot one. The young men had anchored their boat in the hot sun. Soon the heat began to tell on both. streams of perspiration were rolling down the face of each.

"Hot work," said Jim, as he stopped the operation of winding and letting out the line to mop his face.

"Yes," said Tom, "but it's worth the labor. You must have a corker on the end of the line. You've been playing him for fifteen minutes now, but don't get discouraged. I read of a man once who played a salmon for seventeen hours."

"Bright outlook," replied Jim, and he went on with the work of winding and unwinding the line. Tom settled down in the boat to watch the play. An hour rolled by, but Jim stuck bravely at his work. His arms were tired. He began to feel weak.

The more tired his arms became the heavier the trout seemed to grow. Instead of five pounds he expressed it as his belief that the trout must be a ten-pounder.

Tom wanted a chance to play the fish, but Jim wouldn't let him. He wanted to do all of the work. He got the fish near the surface several times, but played out the line again before he could see it.

Another hour went by, and the tired feeling in Jim increased. He was now so weak that he could no longer stand up in the boat. He kept playing out and reeling up his line in a kneeling position. The weight of the trout had increased in his mind ten more pounds.

Within the next half hour, however, there was a change. The tide began to turn. The current slackened. The work of playing the trout began to lessen. Tom and Jim were growing more excited.

Finally Tom agreed to try to haul the trout in the boat when Jim brought it to the surface. Both anglers were now more excited than ever. It was a supreme moment in their lives.

Slowly Jim began to wind up his line There was comparatively little or no resistance. Tom leaned far over the boat ready to grab the line and haul the trout in. Nearer and nearer the end of the line came to the surface.

"When I say the word, Tom, you pull her in," whispered Jim. "Remember it's a big fellow and will struggle hard."

A few seconds later Jim gave the word. Tom hauled in the rest of the line hand over hand and yanked their catch into the boat. Both men almost wept with disappointment as they sank down on the seat.

It was not a twenty-pound or ten-pound trout, but a small can half filled with hard red paint.

The line had become entangled with the wire bail, so that when Jim had hauled it in it resisted the strong current more than almost any other object of the same size could have done. For hours Jim had been playing the can of paint for a trout.

Jim and Tom ended their fishing with that day's sport, and after rowing back to the hotel they made the solemn promise to each other not to reveal the secret.

But the promise was never kept, although neither relates the experience when the other is present.

A SNAKE STORY.

Snake stories were in order. The North Carolinian had the floor. This is his story. Take it as a snake story only, for an affidavit does not go with it:

"I was walking along a mountain path one day," he said, "when suddenly I heard a rustle in the grass. Now, every one down in that part of the country knows that a black snake and a garter snake are bitter enemies.

"The black snake will eat the garter snake every time. For this reason I was not surprised at what I saw.

"I parted the grass, and there was a black snake in the act of swallowing a garter. The garter snake had its tail tightly wound around a twig. The black snake had swallowed its enemy as far as it could, and was making a desperate effort to pull it from the twig.

"I caught the black snake by the tail and pulled it back until nearly all of the garter's body was visible again. The black reptile, however, would not let go and soon had swallowed the garter again as far as the twig would permit.

"How the thing would have come out I don't know. I broke off the twig and the rest of the garter disappeared within the mouth of the black snake.

"But the garter kept its tail wrapped around the piece of twig. The black snake wriggled off with its prize, the twig across its mouth like a horse's bit."

At this point the story teller's listeners began to look at each other and wink. Apparently the point of the story had been reached, but some stories have more than one point, and this was one of the latter kind.

"About a week after the incident," continued the story teller as every one settled down to hear the rest of the tale. "I was up in the same neighborhood of the mountain, but about two miles from the scene of the snake tragedy.

"I was bound for a day's fishing. Suddenly right in my path I saw a queer object. I looked again, and what do you suppose? Why, darn me, if there wasn't that black snake with the twig bit in its mouth.

"It was dead, but the twig moved. I picked the black snake up and found that the garter snake's tail was still wrapped around the twig. Then I saw a queer sight.

"Out of the belly of the black snake protruded the head of the garter. Then it was all plain to me. The garter snake had kept its tail wound around that twig until it had succeeded in eating a hole through the body of its black enemy.

"At first I thought I'd carry the two snakes back home, but finally I concluded that the garter had earned its liberty. With my knife I opened up the black snake and set the garter free.

"When free the garter snake dropped the twig that had saved its life, and wriggled away over the ground apparently uninjured."

As the story-teller finished there was a deep silence—the silence that usually follows a snake yarn. Then one of the listeners scratched his chin reflectively, and muttered:

"The man who tells the first story in a crowd never has any show."

THE FLORAL WORLD.—In England the ivy is considered an emblem of fidelity. In all parts of Great Britain the ivy grows with a luxuriance unknown in most other quarters of the world, and the tenaciousness with which its tendrils cling to rocks and walls is supposed to have originated the idea of the symbol.

The hawthorn blossom is emblematic of hope. According to a tradition of the Eastern Church the crown of thorns was made of a branch of hawthorn, it is also said that after Christ was buried a hawthorn miraculously sprang up above the grave.

The four-leaf clover has been considered both in England, Ireland and America as a lucky "find," the accidental lighting upon one being regarded as foretelling some good fortune to the find.

In some parts of Ireland the presentation of a four-leaf clover by a young man to a young woman is considered equivalent to "popping the question."

In our time the apple blossom is considered an emblem of preference. Martial, the Latin epigrammatist, mentions that in his day either the apple or apple blossom was considered as symbolic of sensual love.

A story is told in Roman history of a patrician who killed his wife because she accepted a present of an apple from a personal friend.

The 5 o'clock is a symbol of punctuality. The notion was undoubtedly suggested by the remarkable regularity with which, during sunny weather, the flower opens at that hour.

In cloudy or rainy weather its time of opening is delayed, but when the sun is shining and the plant is in a favorable position to receive the light, the time of opening will not vary ten minutes.

The heliotrope is an emblem of devotion. This idea was probably suggested by the curious habit peculiar to this flower of turning its face toward the sun.

Moore's poetical lines about the sunflower turning on her god when he sets the same look as she turned when he rose is not founded on fact. The sunflower is not a heliotrope, and does not turn to face the sun.

Parsley, among the Greeks, was symbolical of death. It is said that an Athenian army marched out of the city during the Peloponnesian war, was panic stricken by meeting two mules laden with parsley going into the city, this fact being considered as a token that the army would soon be vanquished with great slaughter. "To be in dread of parsley" was a favorite Greek euphemism for death.

The poppy throughout the East is an emblem of death. In many parts of India this flower is planted upon graves and in cemeteries.

Whether or not the idea was suggested by the poisonous character of the juice is uncertain. It is believed that the poppy was known as a funeral plant to the ancient Egyptians, for upon the tombs opened by Belzoni, there appeared representations of plants which were evidently intended for poppies.

The clover of three leaves is in Ireland considered an emblem of the Trinity, from the tradition that St. Patrick used it while preaching to confute the argument of a heathen.

"How," said the man, "can there be three gods in one, and one in three?" St. Patrick stooped and picked up a shamrock at his feet.

"Here," he said, "are three in one and one in three." Since that day the shamrock has been the national plant of the Emerald Isle.

CONVERSING BY WHISTLING.—The inhabitants of Gomera Island, one of the Canaries, converse with each other by whistling.

A German officer, who has spent some time on the island, describes this whistling language as follows:

It consists of the ordinary speech of the natives, expressed by articulate whistling. Each syllable has its own appropriate tone.

The whistler uses both fingers and lips, and it is asserted that a conversation can be kept up at a distance of a mile.

Whistling is said to be confined to Gomera Island, and to be quite unknown on the other islands of the group.

The adoption of this mode of carrying on conversation is due to the geological formation of the island, which is intersected by frequent gullies and ravines. As there are no bridges across these ravines, intercourse between neighbors is often difficult.

A man living within a stone's throw of another may have to go many miles round to make a call upon his neighbor, and the inconvenience of intercourse led the people to cultivate whistling as a useful means of conversing at a distance.

INSULATED WITH PAPER.—For many purposes paper, next to wire, is an excellent insulation, and it has, of late, come extensively into use in telephonic and other cables.

But it is not generally known that such an insulation has been tried under water. This is, however, the fact, and one such cable is now doing excellent work at the bottom of the Hudson river, at New York, right in the track of all the domestic and sea bound traffic.

Of course the cable is lead covered and otherwise protected, but it depends for its insulation, electrically, on thin spirals of paper round each stranded interior wire.

In considering the laying of such cables in such situations the fact is important that paper insulated, lead covered cables can be bought for half a dollar a foot, while the rubber-insulated cable would probably cost not less than four dollars per foot; and figured on the basis of equal electrical effectiveness, the price would be fifty or a hundred to one in favor of the paper cable—other considerations left out.

It will thus be seen that even if it be admitted that the paper cable is risky under water, its cheapness is such that one can afford apparently to throw it away when it has developed serious defects and to put in a new one.

A JEWISH CHARACTERISTIC.—An author of an interesting work just published, entitled "The Jewish Question," attempts to answer a serious charge—that which has made the word "Jew" a synonym for miser and usurer.

He throws the onus entirely upon the Christian. The Jew in the middle ages was restricted by the superstition of the nations among which he sojourned to but three spheres of activity—commerce, finance, medicine.

Moreover, the cosmopolitanism gained by his wandering existence made him more efficient in foreign trading, and the implication is that he could not help having quicker brains than other people.

As for the proverbial exorbitancy of his interest, this was made necessary by the fact that he was liable at any moment to have his entire possessions confiscated, and that, on his death, in England, they all went, as a matter of course, to swell the coffers of the king.

If in the course of centuries the Jews, thus more or less restricted to financial dealings, have developed an instinct for money-getting, have they not merely exemplified the law of organic adaptation to environment? Their tastes were originally agricultural and pastoral; it is superstition and Christian oppression that have made them what they are—if they are.

Whenever they have had the opportunity they have preferred to be philosophers, poets, and musicians, as the history of the intellectual life of the world proves; and a point is scored when it is shown that the millionaires of America are not Jews; the reason being that in America the Jew labors under no disabilities whatever, and is free to take up whatever calling he chooses.

WHERE WOMEN RIDE ASTRIDE.—There is much discussion nowadays as to whether a woman is at all justified in riding otherwise than on the dangerous side saddle which fashion has decreed to be the conventional seat for the fair sex while indulging in horseback riding.

And yet the fashion of riding astride as men do, which many people consider one of the most objectionable traits of "New Womanhood," is but a return to an old custom, at one time universal, and even now considered quite natural in some countries. Indeed, up to the sixteenth century, side saddles were unknown in England, while the old custom survived still longer on the Continent.

It was not until nearly the close of the eighteenth century that riding like a man was done away with entirely in Germany, for there is a picture, painted in 1760, of Amelia of Saxony, Goethe's friend, riding to the hunt in distinctly masculine fashion.

At the present day it is quite the usual thing for ladies in Cairo, Persia, Brazil, Chili, and the countries of Southern Europe to ride in this manner.

CHEAPER THAN THE LAW.—Burglar: "Don't shoot!"

Householder (angrily): "Why shouldn't I shoot? You came here to rob, and, if necessary, to murder."

"Just so. I ought to be shot, and as you've got the drop on me, you can do it; but for your own sake I advise you not to."

"Why not, pray?"

"First, the shot will be heard by the police, who will rush in and smash whichever head they find up—and that will be yours; second, you'll be hurried off to a filthy police cell, and kept there until the day for trial; third, although you will be declared not guilty, of course you will have to pay the lawyers. Better let me carry off what I've got and sleep in peace and comfort. I'll thank you for your purse."

"Here, take it. Burglars come cheaper, after all, than lawyers and policemen."

PLAYS Dialogues, Speakers, for School, Club and Parlor. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Pub. Chicago, Ill.

Humorous.

THE SEASON.

Now is the season when
The most prodigious lies
Are swapped by rival farmer men
About their pumpkins' size.
—*U. N. Nose.*

Wanted to know—Whether the volume of sound has yet been bound.

Why is the elephant the most sagacious of travelers?—Because he never takes his eye from off his trunk.

Hoax: I always shake hands with Skinner to keep him from picking my pockets.

Joax: So do I; and I always count my fingers afterward.

"Tell the mistress that I have torn the curtain," said a gentleman lodger to a female domestic.

"Very well, sir; mistress will put it down as rent."

Young gentleman: Might I ask you —ah —.

Young Lady: I am very sorry, but I am engaged for the next three dances.

Young Gentleman: It is not dancing—ah—it is—it's—beg your pardon; you are sitting on my hat!

Tourist: I see that the editor of the Daily Bonanza states that crime is increasing out here.

Native: Oh, he's a crank! In speaking of crime, he counts in shootin' affairs that I know myself was dead fair and square on both sides.

Walker: Er—when you run into a man, the rider is as likely to get the worst of it as the pedestrian, isn't he?

Wheeler: You bet he is! The last fellow I ran into lost a front tooth, while I had four spokes broken and my sprocket wrenched all out of true!

Jinks: To-day I pleased a pretty woman by telling her that a certain red-faced, snub-nosed, bald-headed mortal looked like her.

Winks: Get out!

Jinks: The red-faced, snub-nosed mortal was her first baby.

Roadside Jim: Dere seems to be some truf in the sayin' dat heaven helps dem wot helps demselves.

Ragwood Reggie: Wat makes yer t'ink so?

Roadside Jim: 'Cause if we hadn't er gone an' helped ourselves to dat cold ham in de kitchen we'd er never seed dem summer suits hangin' up dere.

"If you wanted merely to view the house with a view to purchasing it, why did you not ring the bell instead of climbing through the back window?" asked a Galveston judge of Sam Johnson, who was up for burglary.

"I looks de confidence in you, judge. Dat's why I can't entrust you with any of my bizness plans," said Sam.

A Virginia railway company was made to pay twenty-five dollars for killing a rooster. The engineer said that he spoke to the gentleman as kindly as possible with the whistle, when the fellow dropped one wing on the ground, raised his good eye heavenward, and commenced whetting his spur on the rail, forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and he let into him with thirteen freight cars, and forwarded him to his happy scratching-ground by lightning express.

Scribbler: I always make it a point to submit my poems to friends, for suggestions and criticism, before publication, and I have brought some pages for you to look over.

Nibbler: Um—yes, of course; but why not take it to Nibbler?

Scribbler: Huh! He's a born idiot! The last time I showed him a poem he found fault with it.

An amusing example of the ignorance of booksellers is related by "The Literary World." Searching for a de luxe copy of "Trilby," a correspondent called at a well-known establishment, and on asking if they had a copy, received the answer:

"We have Du Maurier's 'Trilby,' but do not keep Deluxe's."

This is almost as bad as the inquiry for an epidemic (academic) dictionary which not long ago startled a bookseller's assistant.

The minister of a Scotch country parish was suddenly taken ill, and the beadle was deputed to find a substitute to preach on the morrow—Sunday. The notice was very short, and he had great difficulty in filling the pulpit, but finally he decided to call upon an ex-moderator of the General Assembly and request him to conduct the service. He did so; and the ex-moderator at once complied.

"I hope, sir," said the beadle apologetically, "that you don't think it presumption, sir. A worse preacher would have done if I had only known where to find him."

Some people can set up in business on a very small capital. One morning little Susie Green called at Mrs. Brown's door.

"Mrs. Brown," she said, "mother wants to know if she could borrow a dozen eggs? She wants to set 'em under a hen."

"So you've got a hen that you're setting?" said Mrs. Brown. "I didn't know you kept hens."

"No'm, we don't," said the child; "but Mrs. Smith's going to lend us a hen that wants to set, and so mother thought that if you'd lend us some eggs we'd find a nest ourselves."

THE CHINESE WOMAN.

One of the most curious things about the Chinese women is that they take no trouble whatever to surround their domesticities with that mystery and secret precaution with which we envelope those proceedings in Europe.

Even when she is performing her toilet, of which the hairdressing is naturally a most important feature, a large screen placed before the doorway of the room gives privacy sufficient for her needs. As to actual doors and windows, the Chinese dispense with them altogether.

The Chinese argue like this: Human nature has to sleep, and here is a mat. Why seek concealment? It also wants to eat, and it satisfies its appetite, no matter how many eyes are gazing.

Tell a Chinese cook that you are hungry, and the fire is immediately fetched, with cooking utensils and provisions, and the cooking is done under your very nose. Such a thing as a kitchen is unknown.

The cook will squat down anywhere, make a fire on or in anything, even in the middle of the street or in the centre of his guests in a restaurant. Their deftness of finger and ingenuity and patience surpass those of women of any other nation under the sun.

But their conservatism is so great that a lady who had a Chinese servant complained that if she had a new bonnet the servant would contrive her best to make it look exactly like the old one. If you have a feather in the front of your hat, they say, wear it there. Of course; but what reason can there be for placing it at the back the next month, or at the side the following year?

In China there is nothing of the sweet girlhood which is enjoyed in America—in fact, one rarely sees girls in China, unless it be the sailor girls.

They marry so young that they appear to spring from childhood to maturity without any intermediate stage of girlhood. There is no "blushing fifteen" or "sweet seventeen," no flirtations, no balls, no picnics, no billets-doux. The child has not ceased to play with her doll before she has a baby to dandle, and surely then her trouble begins!

The only joy of a woman's life is in dressing her hair. This is done with an elaborate artistic science curious to see. Their hair is invariably black and very long. It is drawn tightly from the face and combed with gum.

It is then piled up in coils and wings and loops that stand alone without the aid of pads, roulets, pugs or hairpins.

Not a single hair is astray, and it keeps its place and polish for a week, when it is remodeled. They sleep on a small leather pillow, fitting underneath the back of the neck, which keeps the head in a settled position.

There are no spinsters in China except the nuns, who dedicate their virginity to Buddha. These ladies shave their heads like priests, and thus deprive themselves of the only Chinese sign of gender—the hair dressed a la teapot.

These women are reared and brought up for the priesthood, like the vestal virgins of the Romans. Some of them compensate themselves for shaving the head by allowing their nails to grow to a terrible length, taking great pride in the growth.

The great passion of the Chinese is for bargains. Here is a conversation of an English gentleman with his servant, who had been emboldened to ask the loan of a few dollars "to make up the dowry for a wife."

"But you are married, Ah Sing! You have left your wife at Chan Lon!"

"That is so," he answered simply, "but this one is so cheap; such a chance will not occur again."

"But you will be returning home soon."

"Yes! but it is such a bargain so cheap."

"What will your wife say?"

"Hah yah!" he exclaimed, seizing upon this faint objection with avidity, and demolishing it at once, "she will say it is very cheap."

The English gentleman then gave him up.

DEADLY.—Fulminate of mercury, which is so freely used by European anarchists in the manufacture of their bombs, is one of the most treacherous and powerful explosives known to science.

It explodes when subjected to a slight shock or to heat, and not a few expert chemists have been seriously injured or killed while preparing or experimenting with it.

In France some years ago the celebrated chemist, Barruel, was manipulating this dangerous product in a heavy agate mortar, when his attention was suddenly distracted and he let the pestle down with a little less care than ordinary. The explosion which followed almost literally blew the mortar to dust, and tore Barruel's hand from his wrist.

Another distinguished chemist, Bellot, was blinded and had both hands torn off, while Juston Leroy, a French expert in the manufacture of explosives, lost his life one day while experimenting with this compound in a damp state, in which condition it was supposed to be harmless.

An idea of the force of such an explosion may be gathered from the fact that in one instance while an English chemist was manufacturing a shell for military use, into the composition of which fulminate of mercury entered, he was blown to atoms, and the fragments of the building where he was conducting his experiments were scattered for hundreds of feet in every direction.

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS. INCHES.	FOR WIGS. INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

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Nov., 29, '93. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 3.55, 7.55, 10.05, 10.32, 11.04, a m, 12.57 (Dining car), 2.05, 4.04, 6.12, 8.19 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 3.55, 10.05, a m, 12.14, (dining car), 4.10, 8.12, 8.19, (dining car), 11.45 p m.

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